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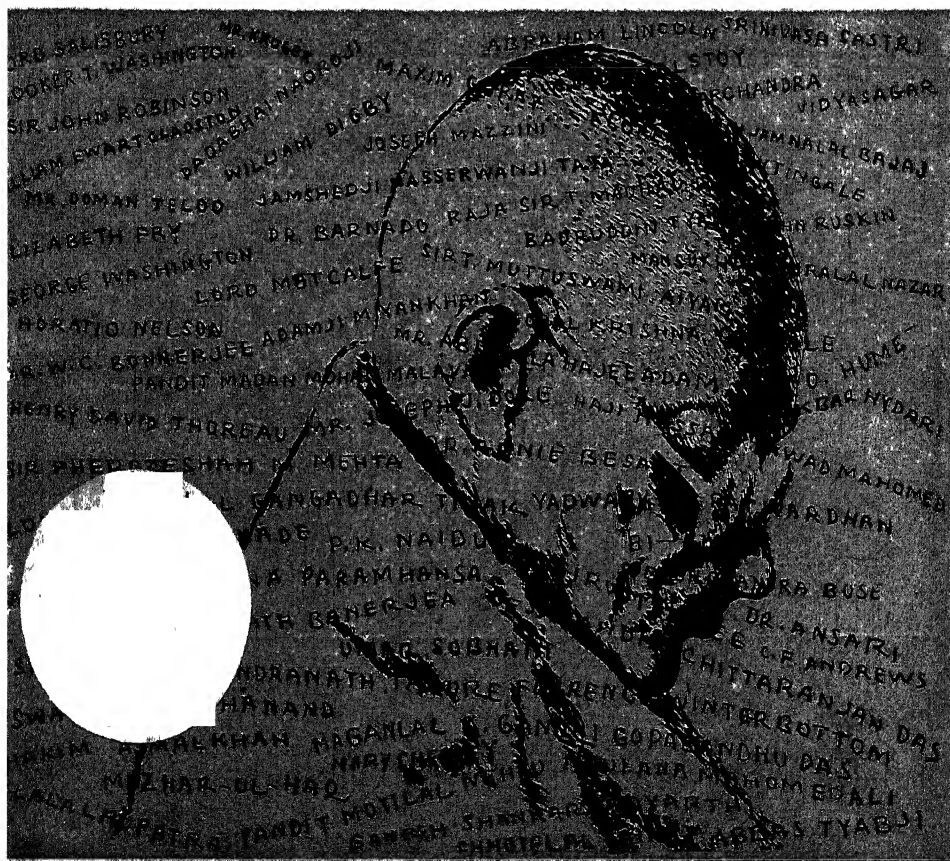
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# PEN-PORTRAITS AND TRIBUTES

By

## GANDHIJI





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PEN-PORTRAITS AND TRIBUTES  
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GANDHIJI

(*SKETCHES OF EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN BY  
MAHATMA GANDHI*)

*Compiled and Edited by*  
U. S. MOHAN RAO



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## FOREWORD

IN THIS BOOK are collected Gandhiji's sketches and tributes to some of the men and women whom he admired including many with whom he came in intimate contact or had correspondence. These range from his South African period and go on almost to his last days.

Himself an indefatigable worker, expert organiser and student of human nature with all its faults and foibles, he yet had an uncanny insight into the inner urges and subtle compulsions that moved men and women to action; as a result, he unearthed the essential goodness in them and held it up to others so that they may emulate it and benefit by it.

Despite his many preoccupations with matters as diverse as life itself, Gandhiji still found time to sit down quietly and pick out the virtues and strong points in those around him, very often his differences with them notwithstanding.

These personal tributes reveal Gandhi the man and lay bare the gentle, human side in him and the reader will see at once how generously he gave every man his due and asked others to imitate the virtues that made him great.

Above all, he wrote—as he spoke—the truth as he saw it, without fear or favour, a quality that is as rare as it is precious and desirable.

I hope that every reader, young or old, especially the former, will try and imbibe the great qualities which have merited praise at the hands of the greatest man that this country has produced in this century.

In this year of the Gandhi centenary, a large number of books are being produced on Gandhiji and his life. We are very glad to present here an unusual aspect of the Mahatma, *i.e.*, how he, one of the really great men of the world, regarded other eminent men and women of his time. A word of gratitude is due to *The Collected*

*Works of Mahatma Gandhi*, which has been a source of help to the Editor.

Shri U. S. Mohan Rao has ably edited this selection of appropriate personalities from the large number about whom Gandhiji wrote from time to time. He has made a judicious selection and this gives a good idea of Gandhiji's brilliant portraiture of eminent people of his age.

NEW DELHI

*20th March, 1969*

B. V. KESKAR

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## 1. LORD SALISBURY

BY THE DEATH OF Lord Salisbury<sup>1</sup>, the British Empire has lost a statesman who was loved and respected in the Empire and feared outside it. The late Lord Salisbury's life is an object lesson to every member of the Empire—in uprightness, industry, and all that is worth cultivating in this life. His, moreover, is an example to be treasured up by the rich men in any land. To history, however, he will be best remembered as one of the greatest Foreign Secretaries of the Victorian era. And it was his masterly grasp of the situation and full realisation of the greatness of the Empire which cut out for him a unique position among the continental nations. Lord Salisbury was no opportunist, and, to him, politics were not a matter of gain. He, therefore, cared little for popular applause, and spoke out against wrong, whether it came from his own party or the Opposition. As Lord Cranborne, when he was Secretary of State for India, he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and this was the view he gave about the poverty of India:

The injury is exaggerated in the case of India where so much of the revenue is exported without a direct equivalent. As India must be bled, the lancet should be directed to the parts where the blood is congested, or, at least, sufficient, not to those already feeble for the want of it.

The statement has become historical, and has been quoted from many a platform. As to policy, he said:

To keep peace, and to push on the public works—that is in

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<sup>1</sup> 1830-1903; twice Prime Minister of Britain



brief the policy that we have to follow. If we can increase the immense means she (India) possesses for the production of commodities—if we can draw forth the enormous elements of prosperity that lie in the richness of her soil and the teeming millions of her population—if we can impress upon the neighbouring Powers (whether they lie outside her borders or are included in her own dominions)—if we can impress upon them that her rulers have renounced for ever the policy of annexation and territorial aggrandisement, which formerly spread distrust and caused disturbance all round; if we do these things, and if we can spread to all the populations there under our charge the blessings of English civilization and English government; if we can give them the culture which will enable them to appreciate those blessings and to take part in spreading them and in making them effectual—if these things can be done, then this present method of repose and of apparent stagnation will be put to the best use it possibly can be put to...We can only be assured that if we make the best use of our present opportunities—if we push to the utmost of our power the moral and material improvement of that vast territory and of the teeming nations that people it, we shall have placed our Empire upon foundations that cannot be shaken.

Again, as showing the frankness of his disposition, the following extract from his speech, taken from the great work<sup>1</sup> of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, is very apt:

The general concurrence of opinion of those who know India best is that a number of well-governed small Native States are in the highest degree advantageous to the develop-

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<sup>1</sup> *Poverty and Un-British Rule in India*, 1901

ment of the political and moral condition of the people of India...The British Government has never been guilty of the violence and illegality of Native Sovereigns. But it has faults of its own, which, though they are far more guiltless in intention, are more terrible in effect. Its tendency to routine, its listless, heavy heedlessness, sometimes the results of its elaborate organisation, a fear of responsibility, an extreme centralisation; all these results, traceable to causes for which no man is culpable, produce an amount of inefficiency which, when reinforced by natural causes and circumstances, created a terrible amount of misery.

The same frankness guided the noble man during the critical period of the late Boer War. When disaster followed disaster during the initial stage of the bloody conflict, he, of all the statesmen in Great Britain, was ready and willing to admit that the disasters were undoubtedly due to mistakes, drawing, at the same time, historical parallels and showing that in the initial stages of almost every great war the British had been engaged in, they had committed serious blunders.

On July 20, 1900, he even stated that:

It was very desirable that the treatment of India should be generous and liberal, because, as one reason, the mass of the people of that country were much more struggling and suffering than the mass of the people here.

Lord Salisbury, again, it was who, at the risk of losing popularity, did not hesitate, on the very platform of the Propagation of the Gospel Society at the time of the Chinese expedition, to utter some disagreeable though wholesome truths. Before his distinguished audience, with reference to the missionary work in China, His Lordship, true Christian gentleman that he was, reminded the

missionaries that, as they had fallen from the advice of Christ, and instead of meekly suffering hardships, and even death if necessary, in pursuit of their calling, asked for the assistance of temporal power in carrying on their work, it was their duty to temper their zeal with prudence, so as not to compromise or place in a false position countries they represented....

Such was the great and good patriot the British Empire has lost, and whose loss it mourns.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 3-9-1903

## 2. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

MRS. BESANT has said somewhere that England owes her present position not to her warriors, but to her one great national act, namely, the emancipation of slaves. This truth is very strikingly realised in the life-story of Booker Washington. Mr. Rolland has contributed a very interesting article to the latest number of *East and West* on Booker T. Washington, which is worth bringing to the attention of our readers.

Booker, as he was known when yet a slave, was born about the year 1858, the exact date being unknown to him. "His lot," says Mr. Rolland, "was the average one. He did not fall under the tyranny of one of those brutes so forcibly depicted in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's novel. . . Yet even those masters who were kind to their slaves, treated them like inferior beings—a kind of useful cattle which had to be well fed if they were to work well, and which had no need of comforts they would be unable to appreciate." When

freedom for the slaves was proclaimed, Mr. Booker's family left the plantations and went to town. He had a very great desire, illiterate though he was, to learn and educate himself. He, therefore, set about learning the rudiments of the English language, and attended a night-school. In his uphill work towards mental progress, he was helped by many white patrons of his, chief among whom was General Armstrong who had served in the Civil War. "He was," proceeds Mr. Rolland, "a sort of apostle who devoted his life to the coloured races, whose needs he thoroughly understood, and who founded in 1868 in Virginia the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute to train young men and women of the negro and (Red) Indian races to become teachers among their own people."

Our hero longed to receive his education at the Institute; he, therefore, accepted service in a military officer's house, and after he had saved some money started for Hampton. The distance he had to cover was nearly five hundred miles. "The difficulties of the road were still further increased by his being a coloured man who could not be received at the same hotel as white people. More than once, he had to sleep out of doors, and to work all day in order to get enough to eat, but he never hesitated. At last, he reached Hampton. His appearance was so wretched and disreputable that the gates would have been closed against him if the matron of the establishment had not thought he might be useful as a servant. Thus, he got permission to stay. He was able to pay for his board and teaching by fulfilling the duties of door-keeper, room cleaner and man-of-all-work, which manifold occupations did not prevent him from assiduous attention at the classes." It was not likely that such marvellous industry would escape the sympathetic notice of General Armstrong, who bestowed special attention on him, with the result that Mr. Booker came out of the Institute as one of the most brilliant students.

Having imbibed knowledge himself which enabled him to take a

broader view of life and to fight poverty and all difficulties, he thought that he could not better devote his life than being instrumental in imparting a similar knowledge to his fellow-countrymen. With such a laudable aim, he opened a small school, first at Malden, then at Washington, until he was called back to Hampton to occupy the post of teacher to the Indians of the Institute. Being himself a negro, he had some difficulty with the American Indians, but by his gentleness and prudence he soon succeeded in disarming all opposition to himself. This humble beginning laid the foundation of what is now an ideal college at Tuskegee. He realised that "the one thing needed by negroes, for the time being, was to learn how to work to advantage in the trades and handicrafts; how to be better farmers; how to be more thrifty in their lives; how to resist the money-lenders' inducements to mortgage their crops before they were made."

With this resolution, he set out for Tuskegee, and began his teaching in 1881 in a shanty. He had, however, like many pioneers, not only to found a school but to attract pupils to it. His idea about combining industrial education with a knowledge of letters merely, as might be well imagined, was not taken up enthusiastically. He, therefore, travelled from place to place, lecturing to the people on the advantage of his system. In his struggle for reform, he found Miss Olivia Davidson to be a worthy helper, whom he afterwards married. The result was that the support he received as to the number of the pupils soon outgrew the capacity of his humble school building. But Booker, who by this time had added Washington to his name, was equal to the occasion. He borrowed money and purchased a plantation of a hundred acres. Here was an opportunity for him of putting into practice his theory of industrial training. His students were, therefore, set to work, and a suitable structure was built. The clay was dug by them, and the bricks, too, were burnt by them. The Tuskegee College has now forty buildings and a beautiful

library, a gift from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, on an estate of 2,000 acres, besides fifteen cottages belonging to it. It represents a value of £ 100,000, the annual cost is £ 16,000, the number of people about 1,100; the cost of each student is £ 10 per year, board being paid partly in money, partly in labour—£ 40 suffices to complete a four years' course, while £ 200 provides a permanent scholarship. A great number of donations from great philanthropists and voluntary contributions from all kinds of people have every year added to the funds of the College, and a grant of 25,000 acres of land in Alabama was given by the Government of the United States in 1898. The students come from twenty different States and territories. There are eighty-six instructors in the college and twenty-six different industries taught, every student, man or woman, having to learn a trade in addition to his or her studies in the class-room. The men learn printing, carpentering, brick-laying (in which they have become so competent that they turn out a hundred thousand bricks of superior quality a month), and various agricultural processes. The women learn plain sewing, dressmaking, cooking, ironing, and all about dairy work and poultry, horticulture, which is now a special feature at Tuskegee, five thousand pear trees being grown on the farm. They have a market garden which they have planned and made themselves. They have constructed a cold farm house, doing the carpentry work themselves. They keep an account of the expenses incurred in raising and amounts realised from the sale of all vegetables. A nurse-training department has lately been established, and there is now a Kindergarten in the College. A savings bank has been founded on the grounds, and a school Post Office recognised by the State and responsible to the Government. A newspaper is also issued every month.

Such is the work done by Mr. Booker T. Washington, single-handed, in the face of enormous odds, without a glorious past to look back upon as an incentive which more ancient nations can

boast of. His influence at present is so great and universal that he is liked by all, both black and white. We read some time ago in the newspapers that the President of the United States invited him to the White House—"an unprecedented event—a revolution in the States where, a short time ago, no white man would have touched the hand of a negro without thinking himself defiled by this contact". Harvard University has honoured him with the degree of Master of Arts. In travelling through Europe, he had drawn crowds of appreciative audiences.

A life such as this teaches a lesson to all of us. If it is one full of honours, the honours have been well earned, after patient toil and suffering. Mr. Washington might have chosen another career in which he might have shone perhaps better in the estimation of some, but he chose first of all to raise his people, to qualify them for the great task lying before them. With himself he has raised his own countrymen also immeasurably, and set to them, as indeed to all of us who care to study his life, an example worthy to be followed...

*INDIAN OPINION*, 10-9-1903

### 3. SIR JOHN ROBINSON

DEATH HAS removed from our midst one of the Makers of Natal in the person of the late Sir John Robinson.<sup>1</sup> The first Prime Minister under responsible government, Sir John has left behind him a re-

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<sup>1</sup>1839—1903

cord of useful service to the Colony which it will not be easy for anyone to equal, much less to surpass. It was a most fortunate thing, as the recent events have shown, that when self-government was granted to the Colony, in securing which Sir John was chiefly instrumental, it was governed by him and his equally able colleague, the late Right Honourable Mr. Harry Escombe. Had it not been for the great start that they gave, it is not difficult to see what would have been the position of Natal under responsible government. From Editor to Prime Minister is a long leap, and that fact alone shows the sterling worth of the man who is now no longer among us. By his ability, zeal, and honesty of purpose he succeeded in making *The Natal Mercury* the power that it is in Natal. He brought all those qualities to bear on the Government of the Colony only in a higher degree, and his merit was recognised by the Sovereign also in that he received the Order of K.C.M.G. By the British Indians, the honourable gentleman will be best remembered as the author of the Disfranchising Bill. The British Indians had then reason to differ with him in the views he held, but no man can say that he was actuated by any but what to him were lofty motives in embarking upon the measure. The Bill, as subsequently modified, remains part of the Statute-book of the Colony. We can only wish that the words he uttered at the time of introducing the measure were also a part of the legislation, for he distinctly said that, in disfranchising British Indians, every member of the Legislative Assembly took upon himself a very serious responsibility and became a trustee for them. Had that spirit guided our legislators in framing the legislation that has followed, there would have been very little to complain of. That Sir John had a warm corner in his heart for the British Indians is proved from the fact that, at no small sacrifice to his health,—for he had hardly recovered from his serious illness—he was pleased to accept the invitation of the Natal Indian Congress to preside at a meeting in the Congress Hall to celebrate the relief of Ladysmith. As was usual with him, he entered into the pro-



gramme whole-heartedly and paid a generous tribute to the Natal Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps. . . . We tender to Lady Robinson and the family our most sincere sympathy in their bereavement, which is a bereavement for the whole Colony.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 12-11-1903

## 4. DADABHAI NAOROJI

### I

THE MAIL papers to hand from India contain very long notices of the birthday anniversary of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, who is undoubtedly to India what Mr. Gladstone was to Great Britain. He has entered upon his 79th year, and the whole of India has celebrated the anniversary in a manner befitting the occasion. Millions of voices have gone up to Heaven praying for the blessings of the Almighty to be showered upon the grand old man and for many years of life on this earth. We join the millions in their prayer. Mr. Dadabhai is loved from the Hindukush to Cape Comorin and from Karachi to Calcutta as no other living man in India is loved. He has given a lifetime to the service of the country of his birth, and though a Parsi, Hindus, Mahomedans, Christians and all revere him just as strongly as the followers of Zoroaster. He has sacrificed for the cause of India ease and luxury, and has imposed upon himself a long exile. He has devoted his wealth also to the cause. His is the purest type of patriotism and comes from a sense of duty to the motherland. Nor is this all. Mr. Dadabhai's private character has been also a perfect pattern to be copied by the rising generation

in every respect, and if we are not much mistaken, there is behind all his political work a strong religious pious fervour which nothing can quench. The land which is capable of producing a Dadabhai has every reason to hope for the best in the long run. Soon after he was elected member of the House of Commons, an honour conferred by a British constituency for the first time on an Indian, he paid a visit to India, and those who were privileged to witness his triumphal progress from Bombay to Lahore have testified that the enthusiasm with which he was received was only equalled, if at all, by that which accompanied the progress of the ever to be remembered Lord Ripon when he retired from his Viceroyalty. The nation certainly honoured itself by honouring such a man. To us in South Africa, a life of so much devotion and so much self-sacrifice in the midst of enormous difficulties (and Mr. Dadabhai had, as many of our readers will remember, much to suffer) should be a very rich lesson in loving our country and our people, and also in patience. In the political struggle, victories are not won in a day. Disappointments are often the lot of people who are engaged in them. We have in South Africa a very fair share thereof, and if we would but remember that Mr. Dadabhai has been struggling for the last forty years or more, we would find in the thought a great deal to console us that, after all, our struggle has only just commenced, and that we have not been without silver linings to the clouds which have hung over us. Amid all his labours, Mr. Dadabhai has always found time to attend to the question in South Africa, and has been one of the most zealous patrons of our cause. May he continue to enjoy health and vigour of mind for a long time to come, and may he yet be privileged to serve his country is our sincere prayer to the Almighty.

## II

THE NUMBER of *India* to hand by the last mail contains a graphic account of the reception given to Mr. Naoroji at the recently held International Socialist Congress which met at Amsterdam.

The special correspondent of *India* states: The President, Herr Van Kol, called upon the Congress to rise and stand in silent reverence . . . . There then followed a wonderful and most inspiring manifestation. As Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji walked slowly to the centre of the platform, the great audience that filled the vast hall stood silently and uncovered before him. Simple as was the deed, the earnestness and unanimity of its performance rendered it most impressive, particularly when it was borne in mind that the same homage was rendered by the representatives of so many and such very different peoples and nationalities. Then, after a sorrowful tribute had thus been paid to the people whom Mr. Naoroji represented, a tremendous and enthusiastic demonstration was made in honour of the representative himself. From the people of India, the thoughts of the great audience centred on the dignified person of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. They remembered what had been said concerning his life-long endeavours, and awakened the echoes by their cheers, by the clapping of hands and shouts of welcome and applause. Long and earnestly was the ovation continued, and it made an indelible impression on all who witnessed this great manifestation of that international solidarity which has spread, not merely from nation to nation, but from continent to continent.

It must be a matter of pride to every Indian to know how the revered father of India, as Mr. Dadabhai is endearingly called by the Indians, is held in esteem by the people of Europe...

III <sup>1</sup>

...DADABHAI LED the life of a *rishi*. I have many sacred memories of him. This Grand Old Man of India was, and continues to be, one of the great men who have moulded my life.....

I had the privilege to see Dadabhai in 1888 for the first time. A friend of my father's had given me a letter of introduction to him, and it is worth noting that this friend was not at all acquainted with Dadabhai. He, however, took it for granted that anyone from the public could write to such a saintly person. In England, I found that Dadabhai came in contact with all students. He was their leader and attended their gatherings. Ever since, I have seen his life flowing in the same rhythm till the end. I was in South Africa for twenty years, and exchanged hundreds of letters with Dadabhai during the period. I was astonished at the regularity with which his replies came. My letters used to be typed, but I do not remember any typed reply from him. The replies were all in his own hand, and moreover, as I came to know subsequently, he would himself make copies of his letters on a tissue-paper book. I could find that most of my letters were replied to by the return of post. Whenever I met him I tasted nothing but love and sweetness. Dadabhai would talk to me exactly like a father to a son, and I have heard from others that their experience was the same as mine. The thought uppermost in his mind all the time was how India could rise and attain her freedom. My first acquaintance with the extent of Indian poverty was through Dadabhai's book<sup>2</sup>; I learnt from that book itself that about three crores of men in our country are half-starved. Today this number has increased.

His simplicity was without limit. It so happened that someone criticized him in 1908. I found it extremely intolerable and yet I was unable to prove that it was wrong. I was

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<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of the Birth Anniversary of Dadabhai Naoroji

<sup>2</sup> *Poverty and un-British rule in India*

troubled by many doubts. I thought that it was sinful to entertain doubts about a great patriot like Dadabhai. Therefore I sought an appointment and went to see him with the consent of the critic. That was the first time I went to his private office. It was made up of a very small room with only two chairs. I entered. He asked me to sit in a vacant chair but I went and sat near his feet. He saw distress on my face and questioned me, asking me to speak out whatever weighed on my mind. With great hesitation I reported to him the criticisms of his detractors and said, "I was troubled by doubts on hearing these things and, because I worship you, I consider it a sin to keep them back." Smilingly, he asked me, "What reply do I give you? Do you believe this thing?" His manner, his tone and the pain that was so apparent in his words were enough for me. I said, "I do not now want to hear anything more. I have no trace of a doubt left in me." Even then he told me many things relating to this matter, which it is not necessary to recapitulate here. After this event I realized that Dadabhai was an Indian living in the simple style of a fakir. A fakir's style does not imply that a man should not have even a farthing; but Dadabhai had forsaken the luxuries and standards which other people of his stratum were enjoying during those days.

I myself and many others like me have learnt the lessons of regularity, single-minded patriotism, simplicity, austerity and ceaseless work from this venerable man. At a time when criticism of the Government was considered sedition and hardly anyone dared to speak the truth, Dadabhai criticized the Government in the severest terms and boldly pointed out the shortcomings of the administration. I have absolutely no doubt that the people of India will remember Dadabhai affectionately as long as India endures as an entity in the world.

*(From Gujarati)*

NAVAJIVAN, 7-9-1924

## 5. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

A BIOGRAPHY in three volumes of Mr. Gladstone<sup>1</sup>, one of the greatest men of this age, written by Mr. Morley<sup>2</sup>, his principal follower, has come out recently. Since biographical writing is rare in India, people there have not unfortunately been able to appreciate its value. People in the West are more advanced in this matter. Many kinds of lessons are to be found in the lives of great men, and they make a profound impression on the community.

The honourable Mr. Chandavarkar spoke on the type of man that Mr. Gladstone was, before a distinguished audience in the Prarthana Samaj Hall in Bombay on November 22, 1903. He began by explaining who really are great men, what qualities they must possess and what kind of man Mr. Gladstone was. After brief, prefatory remarks on the reason why all the peoples of Europe regarded Mr. Gladstone a great man, Mr. Chandavarkar paid a tribute to him. In doing so, he cited the example of the philosopher, Emerson, and said that only he could be called great who possessed eminently such qualities as humility, gentleness, equanimity, kindness, respect even for those who held different views, however much mistaken these might be, a capacity for understanding, far-sightedness, unshakable devotion to eternal truth and determination to do one's job. Such a man was Emerson. Mr. Chandavarkar said that greatness could not be attained through fatuous talk, but by cultivating reticence.

It appears from Mr. Morley's biography that Gladstone was no less great as a statesman and politician than Emerson was as a philosopher. Because of this greatness, not only England but also many other nations revered him. No one better understood his duties and abilities than Mr. Gladstone. The best evidence

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<sup>1</sup> 1809-98; Prime Minister, 1868-74, 1880-85, 1886, and 1892-94

<sup>2</sup> Later Viscount John Morley (1838-1923), Liberal statesman and author, Secretary for Ireland, 1886 and 1892-95, and Secretary of State for India, 1905-10

of this is his diary, which he maintained regularly and carefully. He passionately desired national progress, and so deeply did he love learning that he was respected both by the Government and the people, and he became much beloved of them. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and exemplary statesmanship. He excelled in carrying to completion whatever job he took in hand. He was never disheartened by failure and he stuck to truth always. Success did not elate him; in fact when the people of the world became pleased with him and the Press sang his praises, he thought only of his shortcomings. Although he failed in his endeavours to get self-rule for Ireland, [this] in the interests of England's prosperity, even Englishmen and his opponents could not say that his labours had not been in the cause of the people's weal. He never got puffed up with pride, even when he had won the esteem of the Government and the people. In fact, he prized the people's regard more than that of the Government. All this was due simply to his high sense of duty and his courteous nature. Mr. Chandavarkar read out examples of such virtues in Mr. Gladstone from Mr. Morley's biography. Among them, the great man's gentleness and humility, devotion to family, the state and the people, loyalty to the Queen, patriotism, and faith in the moral law appeared most worthy of emulation....Mr. Chandavarkar's glowing tribute to Mr. Gladstone in the Prarthana Samaj Hall is like a wreath placed on the grave of that great man.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 14-1-1904

## 6. MR. DOMAN TELOO

WE VERY much regret to announce the death, in the prime of his life, of an able and active Indian of Johannesburg, Mr. Doman Teloo. All the Indians in Johannesburg knew him very well. He used to live in Umgeni, but later moved to Johannesburg to seek his fortune. By dint of hard work, he earned some money in his calling as a goldsmith and in other business and as an owner of land, some of which is in Natal. He learnt a little English by his own exertions, and studied Hindi for commercial use and under the spell of religion. An intensely religious man, he was always keen to exalt Hinduism. He was also enthusiastic in his public work. Since his parents were poor and he was brought up amidst the hardships commonly faced by Indians in Natal, he had learnt to be patient, but act with firmness. This experience stood him in good stead in Johannesburg.

He pursued with determination whatever he set out to do, but knew how to proceed keeping his keenness within bounds. Both before and after the war, he took an active part in all the public activities of the Indian community. When the war was over, he devoted almost all his time to securing without profit to himself and with great integrity, permits for his compatriots and to removing other hardships of theirs. When, after the Boer trouble was over, hopes of improving our condition under the British were dashed to the ground, he spared no pains to unite all our brethren and carry on the struggle. Along with others, he made strenuous efforts and founded an organization called the Indian Association; and he worked day and night to collect funds for it. It was his intention to take up much more public work. By his death, the Indian community has lost a good man. He was an agent of *Indian Opinion* and himself used to sell 50 copies a week, sacrificing his own work, and he would not accept the usual agent's commission due to him. We offer our heartfelt condolences to the members of his family



as also to the Indians of Johannesburg, and we pray to God to grant deliverance to his soul.

*(From Gujarati)*

*INDIAN OPINION, 4-2-1904*

## 7. MR. KRUGER

EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER is no more, and in him one of the most striking personalities of the nineteenth century has passed away, leaving the world the poorer for it. His was a strong character which had, perhaps, many contradictions, but the net result was undoubtedly in his favour. His devotion to those whom he was proud to call his people was unexampled, and even the mistake that he made in defying a powerful nation like the British and in sending his world-famous ultimatum is a mistake that would count, not against him, but in his favour. It was his intense love for the country and its people that made him take the fatal step. There was no vainglory about it. He felt that he was in the right. His faith in the Old Testament teaching was sublime, and he believed that God was on his side and, that being so, he could never lose. Indeed, even after the issue was finally decided, during the short period that he was on this earth, he never allowed himself to waver and still continued, as many Boers do, to believe that good for them will yet come out of the British annexation. And so it undoubtedly will; not perhaps in the manner they would wish, but then God's ways are not our ways, and the future will shew what the destiny of the nation is to be. It has often been urged

that the deceased President's flight from Pretoria was due to cowardice. We have never, however, brought ourselves to accept the charge. He considered that he could best serve his countrymen by remaining away and managing affairs from a distance and he went. To think that the brave man who, when he was wounded by a tiger, with his own hand cut off a finger and dressed the wound and went about his business as if nothing had happened, would be the man to fly from a post of danger is a mistaken idea. His demeanour, too, on the Continent was worthy of a great and godly man. He shewed no undue irritation, resigned himself to the inevitable, and ever continued to guide his people by his advice. The one lesson that he has left behind him is his single-minded, though at times misguided, patriotism, and we venture to think that it will be as a staunch patriot that he will be best known to posterity. The British Indians personally have very little to thank the deceased statesman for. We are yet smarting under his legislation in the Transvaal, but that need not prevent our countrymen from recognising his great virtues, and in joining those who are sorrowing for the death of so great a man.

*INDIAN OPINION, 23-7-1904*

## 8. WILLIAM DIGBY

BY THE DEATH of Mr. William Digby, C.I.E., India has lost a champion whom it will be difficult to replace.<sup>1</sup> His advocacy of the Indian cause was strenuous and well-informed. His unrivalled experience of India always stood him in good stead in answering his opponents. He was the founder of the Indian Political Agency, and the first Editor of *India*, which has been doing eminent service, and without disparagement, we may say that the editing of that journal by the deceased gentleman has never been equalled. By his voluminous writings, the late Mr. Digby ever kept the different Indian questions before the public. We offer our sincere condolences to the deceased gentleman's family.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 29-10-1904

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<sup>1</sup>William Digby (1849-1904), authority on Indian economic problems, author of *Prosperous British India* and a member of the British Committee of the Indian National Congress.

## 9. JAMSHEDJI NASSERWANJI TATA

A MAMMOTH MEETING was held early last April in the Town Hall in Bombay to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. Tata,<sup>1</sup> with Lord Lamington, the Governor, in the chair. The first resolution regarding the raising of a memorial was moved by the popular Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court, Sir Lawrence Jenkins. Justice Badruddin Tyabji,<sup>2</sup> Justice Chandavarkar, the Honourable Mr. Parekh,<sup>3</sup> Sir Bhalchandra<sup>4</sup> and others attended the meeting. All the speakers, including the Governor, pointed out that a gentleman as liberal, simple and as sagacious as Mr. Tata had hardly lived before in India. In whatever he did, Mr. Tata never looked to self-interest. He never cared for any titles from the Government, nor did he ever take distinctions of caste or race into consideration. As Justice Badruddin observed, the Parsis, the Muslims, the Hindus—all were equal to him. For him it was enough that they were Indians. He was a man of deep compassion. Tears came to his eyes at the thought of the sufferings of the poor. Though he possessed unlimited wealth, he spent nothing from it on his own pleasures. His simplicity was remarkable. May India produce many Tatas!

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 20-5-1905

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<sup>1</sup>Sir Jamshedji Nasserwanji Tata (1839-1904), Indian industrialist and philanthropist.

<sup>2</sup>A distinguished member of the Bombay Bar and later judge of the Bombay High Court. He presided over the third session of the Indian National Congress at Madras in December 1887.

<sup>3</sup>Sir Gokuldas Karsandas Parekh, a member of the Bombay Legislative Council

<sup>4</sup>Sir Bhalchandra Bhatavdekar, an eminent doctor and public worker of Bombay.

## 10. MAXIM GORKY

A COMPARISON can be made, up to a point, between the people of Russia and our own. Just as we are poor, the Russian people are also poor. We have no voice in conducting the affairs of State and have to pay taxes without demur; the same is true of the Russians also. Seeing such oppression, some Russians do come out bravely against it from time to time. Some time ago, there was a rebellion in Russia and one of the chief participants was Maxim Gorky.<sup>1</sup> This man was brought up in extreme poverty. At first he served as an apprentice to a shoe-maker, who discharged him. Afterwards he served as a soldier for some time. While in the army, he evinced a desire for education, but being poor could not get himself admitted to any good school. He then served under a lawyer and finally worked as a hawker at a baker's. All this time he continued educating himself through his own efforts. The very first book he wrote in 1892 was so excellent that he soon became famous. Thereafter, he wrote many things, all of them with a single purpose, viz., to stir up the people against the tyrannies they were labouring under, to warn the authorities and to render public service, in so far as this was possible. Without caring to make money, he writes with such vehemence and bitterness that the authorities keep a stern eye on him. He has also been to jail in the service of the people and considers imprisonment an honour. It is said that there is no other writer in Europe who is as great a champion of the people's rights as Maxim Gorky.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 1-7-1905

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<sup>1</sup>(1868-1936), Russian novelist.

## 11. JOSEPH MAZZINI

ITALY AS a nation came into existence recently. Before 1870 Italy comprised a number of small principalities, each with its petty chief. Before 1870, she was like the India or Kathiawad of today. Though the people spoke the same language and had the same character, they all owed allegiance to different petty states. Today Italy is an independent European country and her people are regarded as a distinct nation. All this can be said to be the achievement of one man. And his name—Joseph Mazzini. Joseph Mazzini was born in Genoa on June 22, 1805. He was a man of such sterling character, so good-natured and so patriotic, that great preparations are being made throughout Europe to commemorate the centenary of his birth. For, although he dedicated his whole life to the service of Italy, he was so broad-minded that he could be regarded a citizen of every country. It was his constant yearning that every nation should become great and live in unity.

Even at the early age of thirteen Mazzini showed great intelligence. In spite of great scholarship that he evidenced, he gave up his books out of patriotism and undertook the study of law, and began using his legal knowledge gratuitously to help the poor. Then he joined a secret organisation which was working for the unification of Italy. When the Italian chiefs learnt of this, they put him into prison. While still in prison, he continued to advance his plans for freeing his country. At last he had to leave Italy. He went to Marseilles and lived there. The Italian princes, however, using their influence, had him banished from that city. Though obliged to fly from place to place, he did not lose heart and kept on sending his writings secretly to Italy, which gradually influenced the minds of the people. He suffered a lot in the process. He had to run about in disguise to evade spies. Even his life was frequently in danger, but he did not care.

At last he went to England in 1837. He did not suffer so much

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there but had to live in extreme poverty. In England he came into contact with the great leaders of that country and sought their aid.

In 1848 Mazzini returned with Garibaldi to Italy, and set up the self-governing State of Italy. But it did not last long, thanks to the activities of crafty persons and though Mazzini had to flee the country once again, his influence did not fade. The seed of unity that he had sown endured and, though Mazzini remained in banishment, Italy became a single united kingdom in 1870. Victor Emmanuel became its king. Mazzini was gratified to see his country thus united. But as he was not permitted to enter the country, he used to go there in disguise. Once when the police went to arrest him, he opened the door for them as if he were an usher and gave them the slip.

This great man died in March, 1873. His foes had now become his friends. People had come to recognise his true worth. Eighty thousand people joined his funeral procession. He was buried at the highest spot in Genoa. Today Italy and the whole of Europe worship this man. In Italy he is considered one of the greatest of men. He was a pious and religious man, ever free from selfishness and pride. Poverty was for him an ornament. The sufferings of others he regarded as his own. There are very few instances in the world where a single man has brought about the uplift of his country by his strength of mind and his extreme devotion during his own lifetime. Such was the unique Mazzini.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 22-7-1905

## 12. ELIZABETH FRY

...MRS. ELIZABETH FRY lived in England a century ago.<sup>1</sup> She was a very religious-minded lady and it was her constant concern to help mitigate the sufferings of man. Though herself a chronic invalid she did not care; she was not to be daunted by personal suffering. There is a prison called the Newgate Prison in England where, a hundred years ago, men and women prisoners were huddled together somehow and lived quite uncared for. They were in an extremely bad state. Crime among them, instead of diminishing, was on the increase. Their life was more like that of cattle. Consequently, the condition of Newgate prisoners who were released after their sentences became very pitiable. This misery, the good Elizabeth could not bear to see. Her heart was deeply grieved, and she dedicated her life to the amelioration of their condition. Having obtained permission of authorities, she began helping, in particular, the women prisoners, whom she used to comfort. But she did not stop here. By her writings and personal effort she got a number of reforms introduced through the authorities. As a result of her efforts the condition of prisoners improved much. But this she considered quite inadequate. In those days, prisoners used to be deported to Australia. They were subjected to great harassment while on board ships. Even the honour of women prisoners was not safe. Elizabeth saw that all her good work was being undone on board the ships while the prisoners were being thus transported. To remedy this evil, she visited the ships at great personal inconvenience. At last she succeeded in putting an end to the sufferings of prisoners on the ships. Further, she effected some improvement in the miserable condition of the prisoners in Australia; and a law was accordingly passed to the effect that prisoners, on reaching

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Fry (1780-1845) belonged to the Society of Friends. She was a pioneer of prison reform.

Australia, were to be passed on to others for service after being trained there for six months. While thus sharing in the sufferings of many unfortunate persons, this good lady forgot her own suffering, and breathed her last, praying to God.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 19-8-1905

### 13. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IT IS BELIEVED that the greatest and the noblest man of the last century was Abraham Lincoln. He was born in America in 1809 of very poor parents. He received very little education until he was fifteen years old. He could hardly read or write and earned his meagre living, wandering from place to place.

At last he thought of bettering his lot. There being no steamers or other means of transport in those days, he voyaged through the big rivers on a country raft made of wooden planks and visited the various towns in America. At one place he got the job of a shop assistant. He was then twenty years old. Once he had a job it occurred to him that he might study further. Thereupon, he bought a few books and began to study them by himself. Meanwhile one of his relatives thought that Abraham might be able to do better if he studied law; and he apprenticed him to a lawyer, with whom Abraham worked with great diligence and studied books. He showed such ability that his superiors were much pleased with him.

He too felt that he was now in a position to serve the people among whom he was born. No sooner had the thought occurred to him than he decided, in accordance with American practice, to stand for election to the Senate. His first pamphlet fully revealed his special qualities. He put up a strong fight; but he met with defeat as he was yet an unknown man, while his opponent was well known. But the defeat only whetted his zeal.

His fervour became more intense. Only a person who has a clear picture in his mind of the America of those days can properly appreciate Lincoln's virtues and his services. From north to south, America was at this time a camp of slaves. Nobody saw anything wrong in openly selling Negroes and keeping them in slavery. The high and the low, the rich and the poor saw nothing strange in owning slaves. No one thought it was wrong to do so. Religious-minded men, priests and the like saw nothing amiss and did not protest against the system of slavery being kept up. Some even encouraged it, and all of them thought that slavery also was a divine dispensation and that the Negroes were born to it. Few could then see that the slave trade was very wicked and irreligious. And even those who did, preferred to remain silent, being unable to assert themselves. There were some who were content to play a minor role in the amelioration of the condition of slaves. Even today our hair stands on end to hear the accounts of the atrocities inflicted on slaves. They were tied up and beaten; they were forced to work, they were branded and handcuffed. And all this was not done just to one person but all of them. It may be said without fear of contradiction that Lincoln alone, of all men, made and put into execution his resolution to change the ideas of men, ideas which were indelibly carved on their minds, to wage war against those hundreds of thousands of men who depended for their living on the system and to set free the slaves from bondage. He was so tender by nature, his faith in God was so great, and his compassion so deep that he began to convert the minds of men through his speeches and

writings as well as by the example of his own life. Eventually there came into existence two parties in America: one headed by Lincoln, another by his opponents; and a big civil war broke out; but Lincoln remained undaunted. By this time he had risen so high up the ladder that he was already the President. The war went on for many years, but Lincoln abolished slavery from the whole of North America by 1858-9. The bonds of the slaves were broken, and wherever Lincoln's name was mentioned, he was hailed as a great emancipator of men in distress. The language of the powerful speeches he delivered during these stormy days is so sublime that they rank very high in English literature.

Although he had achieved such eminence Lincoln remained full of humility. He always believed that a powerful nation or individual ought to use that power to remove the miseries of the poor and the weak, not to crush them. Though America was his motherland and he was an American, he regarded the whole world as his native land. Just when he was at the height of his glory, and despite the fact that he was such a good man, some wicked men felt that he had ruined many people by abolishing slavery. So when it was known for certain that Lincoln was going to visit a theatre, a plot was hatched to assassinate him. Even the players at the theatre had been seduced, and a leading actor had undertaken to shoot him. As Lincoln was sitting in his special box, the despicable fellow entered it, closed the door after him and shot at Lincoln. The good man fell dead. The people who witnessed this dreadful deed tore the assassin to pieces before he could be taken to a law court.<sup>1</sup> In this tragic manner occurred the death of the greatest President of America. It may safely be said that Lincoln sacrificed his life in order to put an end to the sufferings of others. But Lincoln can be said to be still alive; for the changes he made in the American Constitution are still in force. And Lincoln's name will be known

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<sup>1</sup> In fact, Booth, the assassin, was shot in a barn which was set on fire by the soldiers pursuing him.

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talent for writing. He wrote a very effective book on the evil consequences of war. His fame spread throughout Europe. To improve the morals of the people he wrote several novels which can be equalled by few books in Europe. The views expressed by him in all these books were so very advanced that the Russian clergy were displeased with him, and he was excommunicated. Disregarding all this, he kept up his efforts and began to propagate his ideas. His writings had a great effect on his own mind. He gave up his wealth and took to a life of poverty. He has lived like a peasant for many years now and earns his needs by his own labour. He has given up all his vices, eats very simple food and has it in him no longer to hurt any living being by thought, word or deed. He spends all his time in good works and prayer. He believes that:

1. In this world men should not accumulate wealth;
2. no matter how much evil a person does to us, we should always do good to him. Such is the Commandment of God, and also His Law;
3. no one should take part in fighting;
4. it is sinful to wield political power, as it leads to many of the evils in the world;
5. man is born to do his duty to his Creator; he should therefore pay more attention to his duties than to his rights;
6. agriculture is the true occupation of man. It is therefore contrary to divine law to establish large cities, to employ hundreds of thousands for minding machines in factories so that a few can wallow in riches by exploiting the helplessness and poverty of the many.

These views he has very beautifully supported by examples from various religions and other old texts. There are today thousands of men in Europe who have adopted Tolstoy's way of life. They have given up all their worldly goods and taken to a very simple life.

Tolstoy is still writing with great energy. Though himself a

Russian, he has written many strong and bitter things against Russia concerning the Russo-Japanese War. He has addressed a very pungent and effective letter to the Czar in regard to the war. Selfish officers view him with bitterness, but they, and even the Czar, fear and respect him. Such is the power of his goodness and godly living that millions of peasants are ever ready to carry out his wish no sooner than it is spoken.

*(From Gujarati)*

*INDIAN OPINION, 2-9-1905*

## II

THE GREAT TOLSTOY has quit this corporeal frame at the ripe old age of 83.<sup>1</sup> It is truer to say that "he has quit this corporeal frame" than that "he has died". There can be no death for Tolstoy's soul. His name will ever remain immortal. Only his body, which was of dust, has returned to dust.

Tolstoy is known to the entire world; but not as a soldier, though once he was reputed to be an expert soldier; not as a great writer, though indeed he enjoys a great reputation as a writer; nor as a nobleman, though he owned immense wealth. It was as a good man that the world knew him. In India, we would have described him as a *maharshi* or fakir. He renounced his wealth, gave up a life of comfort to embrace that of a simple peasant. It was Tolstoy's great virtue that he himself put into practice what he preached. Hence thousands of men clung loyally to his words—his teaching.

We believe Tolstoy's teaching will win increasing appreciation with the passage of time. Its foundation was religion. Being a Christian, he believed that Christianity was the best religion. He did not, however, denounce any (other) religion. He said, on the contrary, that truth was undoubtedly present in all the religions.

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<sup>1</sup>Tolstoy died on November 20, 1910.



At the same time, he also pointed out that selfish priests, Brahmins and Mullas had distorted the teaching of Christianity and other religions and misled the people.

What Tolstoy believed with especial conviction was that in essence all religions held soul-force to be superior to brute force and taught that evil should be requited with good, not evil. Evil is the negation of religion. Irreligion cannot be cured by irreligion, but only by religion. There is no room in religion for anything other than compassion. A man of religion will not wish ill even to his enemy. Therefore, if people always want to follow the path of religion, they must do nothing but good.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 26-11-1910

### III

... NEXT TO THE late Rajachandra, Tolstoy is one of the three moderns who have exerted the deepest spiritual influence on my life, the third being Ruskin. It was forty years back when I was passing through a severe crisis of scepticism and doubt that I came across his book *The Kingdom of God is within You*, and was very deeply impressed by it. I was at that time a believer in violence. Its reading cured me of my scepticism and made me a firm believer in Ahimsa. What has appealed to me most in Tolstoy's life is that he practised what he preached and reckoned no cost too great in his pursuit of truth. Take the simplicity of his life, it was wonderful. Born and brought up in the midst of the luxury and comfort of a rich aristocratic family blessed in an abundant measure with all the stores of the earth that desire can covet, this man who had fully known all the joys and pleasures of life turned his back upon them in the prime of his youth and afterwards never once looked back.

He was the most truthful man of this age. His life was a

constant endeavour, an unbroken tide of striving to seek the truth, and to practise it as he found it. He never tried to hide truth or tone it down but set it before the world in its entirety without equivocation or compromise, undeterred by the fear of any earthly power.

He was the greatest apostle of non-violence that the present age has produced. No one in the West, before him or since, has written and spoken on non-violence so fully or insistently and with such penetration and insight as he. I would even go further and say that his remarkable development of this doctrine puts to shame the present-day narrow and lop-sided interpretation put upon it by the votaries of Ahimsa in this land of ours. In spite of India's proud claim of being the *Karmabhumi*, the Land of Realization, and in spite of some of the greatest discoveries in the field of Ahimsa that our ancient sages have made, what often goes by the name of Ahimsa among us today is a travesty of it. True Ahimsa should mean a complete freedom from ill-will and anger and hate and an overflowing love for all. For inculcating this true and higher type of Ahimsa amongst us, Tolstoy's life with its ocean-like love should serve as a beacon-light and a never-failing source of inspiration. Tolstoy's critics have sometimes said that his life was a colossal failure, that he never found his ideal, the mystical green stick, in whose quest his entire life was passed. I do not hold with these critics. True, he himself said so. But that only shows his greatness. It may be that he failed fully to realize his ideal in life, but that is only human. No one can attain perfection while he is in the body, for the simple reason that the ideal state is impossible so long as one has not completely overcome one's ego, and ego cannot be wholly got rid of so long as one is tied down by shackles of the flesh. It was a favourite saying of Tolstoy that the moment one believes that he has reached his ideal his further progress stops and his retrogression begins and that the very virtue of an ideal consists in that it recedes from

us the nearer we go. To say therefore that Tolstoy on his own admission failed to reach his ideal does not detract a jot from his greatness, it only shows his humility.

Much has been often sought to be made of the so-called inconsistencies of Tolstoy's life; but they were more apparent than real. Constant development is the law of life, and a man who always tries to maintain his dogmas in order to *appear* consistent drives himself into a false position. That is why Emerson said that foolish consistency was the hobgoblin of little minds. Tolstoy's so-called inconsistencies were a sign of his development and his passionate regard for truth. He often *seemed* inconsistent because he was continuously outgrowing his own doctrines. His failures were public, his struggles and triumphs private. The world saw only the former, the latter remained unseen probably by Tolstoy himself most of all. His critics tried to make capital out of his faults but no critic could be more exacting than he was with regard to himself. Ever on the alert for his shortcomings, before his critics had time to point at them he had already proclaimed them to the world magnified a thousandfold and imposed upon himself the penance that seemed to him necessary. He welcomed criticism even when it was exaggerated and like all truly great men dreaded world's praise. He was great even in his failures and his failures give us a measure not of the futility of his ideals, but of his success.

The third great point was the doctrine of 'bread labour' (Tolstoy adopted the phrase from the Russian peasant Bondrieff and insisted that it should be interpreted literally.), *viz.*, that everyone was bound to labour with his body for bread; and that most of the grinding misery in the world was due to the fact that men failed to discharge their duty in this respect. He therefore regarded all schemes to ameliorate the poverty of the masses by the philanthropy of the rich while they themselves shirked body labour and continued to live in luxury and ease as hypocrisy and a sham, and suggested that if only man got off the backs of the poor, much

of the so-called philanthropy would be rendered unnecessary.

And with him to believe was to act. So in the afternoon of his life, this man who had passed all his days in the soft lap of luxury took to a life of toil and hard labour. He took to boot-making and farming at which he worked hard for full eight hours a day. But his body labour did not blunt his powerful intellect, on the contrary, it rendered it all the more keen and resplendent and it was in this period of his life that his most vigorous book *What is Art?* which he considered to be his masterpiece was written in the intervals saved from the practice of his self-chosen vocation.

The choice before our youth today lies between the way of self-restraint and the way of indulgence and ease, the one leading to salvation and freedom, the other to utter destruction. They are at the parting of the ways. Literature, full of virus of self-indulgence served out in attractive forms, is flooding this country from the West and there is the greatest need for our youth to be on their guard. The present is for them an age of transition of ideals and ordeals and the one thing needful for the world, its youth and particularly the youth of India in this crisis is Tolstoy's progressive self-restraint, for it alone can lead to true freedom for themselves, the country and the world. It is we ourselves, with our inertia, apathy and social abuse, that more than England or anybody else block our way to freedom. And if we cleanse ourselves of our shortcomings and faults, no power on earth can even for a moment withhold Swaraj from us. The test for the youth lies before them and that is to win their diploma from the university of life, with its snares and pitfalls and ordeals, without which their academic degrees will be in vain. The three essential qualities of Tolstoy's life mentioned by me are of the utmost use to the youth in this hour of the world's trial...

## 15. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

WE HAVE in an earlier issue of the journal published an account of the career of the benevolent lady, Elizabeth Fry. Just as she brought about an improvement in the condition of prisoners and devoted her life to their service, so also Florence Nightingale<sup>1</sup> sacrificed herself in the service of the men in the army. When the great Crimean War broke out in 1851<sup>2</sup>, the British Government was as usual not alive to the situation. There was no preparation. And just as in the Boer War, so in the Crimean War, too, they committed blunders in the beginning and suffered a crushing defeat. Fifty years ago, the various facilities for nursing the wounded which are available today did not exist. People did not come out to render aid in large numbers as they do now. Surgery was not as efficacious then as it is today. There were in those days very few men who considered it an act of mercy and merit to succour the wounded. It was at such a time that this lady, Florence Nightingale, came upon the scene and did good work worthy of an angel descended from heaven. She was heart-stricken to learn of the sufferings of the soldiers. Born of a noble and rich family, she gave up her life of ease and comfort and set out to nurse the wounded and the ailing, followed by many other ladies. She left her home on October 21, 1854. She rendered strenuous service in the battle of Inkerman.<sup>3</sup> At that time there were neither beds nor other amenities for the wounded. There were 10,000 wounded under the charge of this single woman. The death rate among the wounded which was 42 per cent before she arrived, immediately came down to 31 per cent, and ultimately to 5 per cent. This was miraculous, but can be easily visualized. If bleeding could be stopped, the wounds bandaged and the requisite diet given,

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<sup>1</sup>(1820-1910), famous nurse and pioneer of hospital reform

<sup>2</sup>In fact, the Crimean War broke out on October 23, 1853.

<sup>3</sup>On November 5

the lives of many thousands would doubtless be saved. The only thing necessary was kindness and nursing, which Miss Nightingale provided. It is said that she did an amount of work which big and strong men were unable to do. She used to work nearly twenty hours, day and night. When the women working under her went to sleep, she, lamp in hand, went out alone at midnight to the patients' bedside, comforted them, and herself gave them whatever food and other things were necessary. She was not afraid of going even to the battle-front, and did not know what fear was. She feared only God. Knowing that one has to die some day or other, she readily bore whatever hardships were necessary in order to alleviate the sufferings of others.

This lady remained single all her life, which she spent in such good work. It is said that, when she died, thousands of soldiers wept bitterly like little children, as though they had lost their own mother.

No wonder that a country where such women are born is prosperous. That England rules over a wide empire is due not to the country's military strength, but to the meritorious deeds of such men and women.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 9-9-1905

## 16. ISHWARCHANDRA VIDYASAGAR

... THERE IS no gainsaying the fact that a nation's rise or fall depends upon its great men. The people who produce good men cannot but be influenced by them. The main reason for the special distinction that we find in Bengal is that many great men were born there during the last century. Beginning with Rammohan Roy<sup>1</sup>, one heroic figure after another has raised Bengal to a position higher than that of the other provinces. It can be said that Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar was the greatest among them. "Vidyasagar", which means an ocean of learning, was an honorific of Ishwarchandra, conferred on him by the pandits of Calcutta for his profound Sanskrit learning. But Ishwarchandra was not an ocean of learning only; he was an ocean of compassion, of generosity, as well as of many other virtues. He was a Hindu, and a Brahmin too. But to him, Brahmin and Sudra, Hindu and Muslim, were all alike. In any good deeds that he performed, he made no distinction between high and low. When his professor had an attack of cholera, he himself nursed him. As the professor was poor, Ishwarchandra called in the doctors at his own cost and himself attended to the patient's toilet.

He used to buy *luchi*<sup>2</sup> and curds and feed the poor Muslims at his own cost, in Chandranagar<sup>3</sup>, and helped with money those who needed it. If he saw a cripple or anyone in distress by the roadside, he took him to his own house and nursed him personally. He felt grief at other people's sorrows and joy at their joys.

Himself he led a very simple life. His dress consisted of a coarse *dhoti*, a shawl of a similar kind to cover his body, and slippers.

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<sup>1</sup>(1774-1833). A great social and religious reformer, founder of the Brahmo Samaj, supported abolition of *Sati* and worked hard for the spread of education.

<sup>2</sup>A kind of unleavened and fried bread made from flour

<sup>3</sup>In West Bengal, then a French possession

In that dress he used to call on Governors, and in the same dress he greeted the poor. He was really a *fakir*, a *sannyasi* or a *yogi*. It behoves us all to reflect on his life.

Ishwarchandra was born of poor parents in a small village in the Midnapur *taluka*<sup>1</sup>. His mother was a very saintly woman, and many of her virtues were inherited by Ishwarchandra. Even in those days, his father knew some English, and decided to give his son a better education. Ishwarchandra began his schooling at the age of five. At the age of eight, he had to walk sixty miles to Calcutta to join a Sanskrit college. He had such a prodigious memory that he learnt the English numerals by looking at the figures on the milestones while walking along the road. At sixteen he became well versed in Sanskrit, and was appointed a Sanskrit teacher. Rising step by step, he at last became the Principal of the College where he had studied. The Government held him in great respect. But, being of an independent nature, he could not adjust himself to the Director of Public Instruction and resigned his post. Sir Frederick Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, sent for him and requested him to withdraw his resignation, but Ishwarchandra flatly declined.

His nobility and humanity had their true blossoming after he had given up his job. He saw that Bengali was a very good language, but appeared poor for want of fresh contributions. He, therefore, began writing books in Bengali. He produced very powerful books, and it is mainly due to Vidyasagar that the Bengali language is at present in full bloom and has spread throughout India.

But he also realised that merely writing books was not enough; and so he founded schools. It was Vidyasagar who founded the Metropolitan College in Calcutta. It is staffed entirely by Indians.

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<sup>1</sup>In West Bengal



Considering that elementary education was quite as necessary as higher education, he started primary schools for the poor. This was a stupendous task in which he needed government help. The Lieutenant-Governor assured him that the Government would bear the cost; but the Viceroy, Lord Ellenborough, was opposed to this and the bills preferred by Vidyasagar were not passed. The Lieutenant-Governor was very sorry and suggested that Ishwar-chandra might file a suit against him. Brave Ishwarchandra replied: "Sir, I have never gone to a court of law to get justice for myself. How, then, is it possible for me to proceed against you?" At that time other European gentlemen who used to help Ishwar-chandra in his work rendered him good financial aid. Not being very rich himself, he often ran into debt by helping others out of their difficulties; nevertheless, when a proposal was made to raise a public subscription for him, he turned it down.

He did not rest satisfied with thus putting higher and elementary education on a sound footing. He saw that, without the education of girls, the education of boys alone would not be enough. He found out a verse from Manu which said that the education of women was a duty. Pressing it into service, he wrote a book on the subject and, in collaboration with Mr. Bethune, founded the Bethune College for imparting education to women. But it was more difficult to get women to go to college than to found it. As he lived a saintly life and was very learned, he was respected by all. So he met prominent people and persuaded them to send their womenfolk to the College; and thus, their daughters began to attend the College. Today there are in that College many well-known and talented women of sterling character, so much so that they can by themselves carry on its administration.

Still not satisfied, he started schools imparting elementary education to small girls. Here food, clothing and books were supplied free of charge. Consequently, one can see today thousands of educated women in Calcutta.

To meet the need for teachers he started a Teachers' Training College.

Seeing the very pitiable condition of Hindu widows, he advocated the remarriage of widows; he wrote books and made speeches on the subject. The Brahmins of Bengal opposed him, but he did not care. People threatened to kill him, but he went on undaunted. He got the Government to pass a law legalizing remarriage of widows. He persuaded many men and arranged the remarriage of daughters of prominent men widowed in childhood. He encouraged his own son to marry a poor widow.

The *kulin* or high-born Brahmins were given to taking a number of wives. They were not ashamed of marrying as many as twenty of them. Ishwarchandra wept to see the sufferings of such women; and he carried on his efforts till the end of his life to eradicate this wicked custom.

When he saw thousands of poor people in Burdwan suffering from malaria, he maintained a doctor at his own cost and personally distributed medicines among them. He went to the houses of the poor and gave them the necessary help. In this way he worked ceaselessly for two years, secured government help and called for more doctors.

In the course of this work, he saw the necessity of a knowledge of medicine. So he studied homoeopathy, attained proficiency in it, and began to prescribe medicines to the sick. He did not mind travelling long distances in order to help the poor.

He was equally a stalwart in helping big princes out of their difficulties. If any of them had injustice done to him or was reduced to poverty, Ishwarchandra used to help him with his influence, knowledge and money, and mitigate his distress.

While he was engaged in these activities, Vidyasagar passed away in 1890, at the age of seventy. There have been few in this world like him. It is said that, had Ishwarchandra been born among a European people, an imposing column, like the one

raised by the British for Nelson, would have been erected as a memorial to him. However, a column to honour Ishwarchandra already stands in the hearts of the great and the small, the rich and the poor of Bengal.

It will now be clear to us how Bengal provides an example for the other parts of India to follow.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 16-9-1905

## 17. GEORGE WASHINGTON

STUDENTS OF ENGLISH must have read in their text books about one George who one day cut off, for the fun of it, a berry plant that was dear to his father. When he saw the fate of the plant, his father asked the boy about it. George replied: "Father, I wouldn't tell a lie. I cut the plant." When the father, who questioned him in an angry tone, heard this straight reply from George who had tears in his eyes, he was pleased and forgave him. George was then a mere child.

The boy, on whose mind devotion to truth was thus firmly imprinted, became at fifty-five the first President of America, which is today the admiration of the world. When he was elected to the presidency, the American people offered to crown him king, but he simply rejected the proposal.

George Washington was born in a wealthy family in the city of Westmoreland in Virginia on February 22, 1732. Little is known about the first sixteen years of his life. Until then he had read

little. Later, he was appointed manager of some estate. While on this job, he gave proof of his intelligence and courage so much so that, at twenty-three, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Virginian army.

At this time North America was under British rule, and quarrels were going on between England and the American people. The people in America did not like certain taxes imposed on them by England. There were other matters also that troubled the Americans. Consequently, the feelings between the people of America and those of England ran high and resulted in war. The English armies were trained and well equipped, while the Americans were simple, rustic folk. They were not conversant with the use of arms. They were not accustomed to working in the disciplined manner of an army and suffering hardships. Washington was called upon to control such men and exact work from them, so that America could become independent and free from the British yoke. The people made him Commander-in-Chief. Washington protested: "I do not deserve this honour, but since you are pleased to appoint me to the post, I accept it in an honorary capacity with a view to serving the people." This was no mere formal sentiment, for he sincerely believed that he was not sufficiently capable and wrote in similar terms to his personal friends. But once the responsibility was entrusted to him, he braved all dangers, worked day and night, and so impressed the people that they began to act upon his word even before it was spoken and faced any danger they were asked to. The result was that the English armies were defeated, and America became independent. And once the task was accomplished, Washington relinquished his post. But the people had found in him a gem which they would not part with. So, when the American Republic was founded in 1787, George Washington was elected its first President. Even when he assumed this high office, he never thought of using it to gain selfish ends. At the end of a war, it always happens that false patriots come for-

ward to fill their pockets. But all such people had to live in awe of Washington. In 1792-3<sup>1</sup> Washington was elected President for a second time. During his term of office, he showed the same courage and bravery that he had displayed in war in introducing land reforms, in keeping the people united and in enhancing the country's reputation. A writer has said: "Washington was first in war, as well as first in peace, and occupied the first place in the hearts of his countrymen!" When he was pressed to accept the Presidency for a third term, he refused the offer and went to live on his estate.

This heroic person died of a sudden illness on December 14, 1799. He was very tall; his height, it is said, was six feet three inches. No one in his time had such massive arms. He was always humble and kind. The high position to which America has risen today is due to his patriotism. The name of Washington will live as long as America lives. May India too produce such heroes.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 30-9-1905

## 18. DR. BARNARDO

THE NEWS OF Dr. Barnardo's death last month has been cabled throughout the world. Our readers must be eager to know who this Dr. Barnardo was. We are, therefore, giving this time in these columns an account of the worthy doctor's life.

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<sup>1</sup> The original has 1892-3, obviously an error.

Dr. Barnardo was regarded as the father of orphans and waifs. In his early years the doctor felt deeply depressed whenever he happened to see an orphan. But he had then no means of helping them. Although he was poor, the idea occurred to him that he should undertake to bring up orphans and thus earn his own livelihood.

As the Gujarati saying, 'Giving a needle in charity after stealing an anvil', goes, we want first to earn plenty of money and then spend it on some good cause. The entire lives of many are spent in the process of amassing wealth. Some others forget their original resolution when they have earned enough, yet others, when they have amassed money, do not know how to use it properly, waste it on all sorts of things and feel satisfied that they have spent it well. Never having been benevolent, they cannot use the money properly.

The intelligent Dr. Barnardo had seen all this. So he told himself: "My heart is pure; those who trust me and give me money will also realise that I too must support myself with it. At the same time, if I undertake to shelter and bring up orphans, I shall earn their blessings and the people, too, will see that I have no intention of making money for myself." With these thoughts in his mind, the brave doctor plunged into the work, and opened the first Home for orphan-waifs at Steveny Causeway in London. People at first opposed him, many saying that he had only found a fine way of making money by deceiving the public. Dr. Barnardo, however, was not to be discouraged. He collected money from those who trusted him. By and by, more and more children began to flock to his Home. Instead of becoming vagabonds, they became studious, honest and industrious and secured employment. All the children thus brought up served as good publicity for Dr. Barnardo's Home. They saw that Dr. Barnardo looked after them better than their own parents would have done. The doctor founded more such Homes, till at last he established a colony for

orphans in a wood, six miles away from London. There he put up fine buildings, churches, etc., and the place has now become so famous that many people visit it and feel they are on a pilgrimage; and in course of time similar homes have been founded in many parts of the world. Dr. Barnardo himself brought up in this way during his lifetime 55,000 homeless children. There were some wicked parents who took unfair advantage of the facility provided by the doctor. They quietly left their children at night in Dr. Barnardo's backyard and went away. Undaunted, the doctor brought them up with care and returned them to their parents when they claimed them. Every year, in the big Albert Hall in London, a fair is held in which the children from these Homes take part and thousands of people pay to visit it. It has come to be known after the doctor's death that he had insured his life for £70,000. He has enjoined in his will that all this money should be spent on the maintenance of the Homes founded by him.

Such was this great man, Dr. Barnardo. He was pious and very kind....

Dr. Barnardo has provided us, during the present age, a very good example of what a poor man could accomplish by dint of enthusiasm and kindness.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 7-10-1905

## 19. RAJA SIR T. MADHAV RAO

SIR T. MADHAV RAO was born in 1828 in the city of Kumbakonam<sup>1</sup>. His father, Shri R. Ranga Rao, had been the Dewan of Travancore, and his uncle, Rai R. Venkat Rao, had been the Dewan as well as Revenue Commissioner of Travancore. Sir Madhav Rao had spent his childhood and received his education in Madras. He studied at Presidency College [Madras] under Mr. Powell. Madhav Rao was a hard-working student, and was proficient in Mathematics and science. He had learnt astronomy while sitting on the stairs of Mr. Powell's house, and he made a microscope and a telescope from bamboo with his own hands.

Unwilling to part with such an intelligent student, Mr. Powell appointed him Professor of Mathematics and Physics under himself. Later, Madhav Rao got a good post in the office of the Accountant-General, and after some time, on being invited to work as a tutor to the princes of Travancore, he accepted the offer. This was how he entered, for the first time, the service of a Native State. The princes in his charge became good students, and their career as rulers also proved to be very successful. After working as a tutor for four years, he was given the responsible post of an assistant to the Dewan. He was later appointed Deputy Dewan, in which post he earned a good name. The State had been in a very bad condition. The late Mr. J. Bruce Norton has said of him: "He was a great scholar and a political administrator. In the short space of a year he established peace in the land. To everyone he meted out justice without fear or favour. He greatly reduced theft, treachery and deceit."

The Dewan of Travancore was a very weak man, and the Maharaja too was ill-informed. He did not know how the administration was going on, and the officers of the State too had become de-

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<sup>1</sup> In Madras State



based and corrupt. Their salary, moreover, was very low and sometimes fell into arrears for months. The loan advanced by the British Government had not yet been repaid, and the treasury was empty. The taxes being heavy, trade was in a very bad state and the people were reduced to utter poverty. This caught the attention of Lord Dalhousie<sup>1</sup> who resolved to take over the administration of the State on behalf of the British Government and proceeded to Ootacamund with a view to annexing the State to Madras Presidency. At this time, the Maharaja appointed Madhav Rao to the post of Dewan and he successfully pleaded with the British Government to give him seven years' time to improve the State administration. In this way, at the early age of 30, by dint of personal effort and honesty, Madhav Rao attained a distinguished position. The notable event of his career as Dewan pertained to the State revenues. The State finances were in a bad way when he took charge as Dewan. He abolished the excessive land revenue and other taxes imposed in the past as they were harmful to the prosperity of the people. He also abolished the system of monopoly for revenue collection. He met the deficit in the annual revenues by levying an export duty of 15 per cent on all goods. As the State went on prospering, he gradually reduced the rate of this duty and brought it down to 5 per cent. Next he abolished the monopoly in tobacco also and permitted State subjects to buy it directly from outside, replacing the former system of Government first buying it at its own risk from the contractors and then selling it to the people. The tariff burden being thus made light, imports received much encouragement. He then removed many other petty taxes and cesses as they did not yield much revenue and were also harmful to the prosperity of the merchants. He reduced, at one stroke, the very heavy land tax in a certain village. In 1865, on behalf of Travancore, he entered into a trade agreement with the

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<sup>1</sup> Marquess of Dalhousie (1812-60), Governor-General of India, 1848-56

British Government and the Government of Cochin, as a result of which the customs duty on goods imported from British Indian and Cochin territories was abolished for the most part.

In appreciation of his able administration the British Government conferred upon him the title of K.C.S.I. When this title was ceremoniously conferred upon him before a large gathering in Madras, Lord Napier spoke highly of him. In 1872, Madhav Rao resigned his post. During his tenure he established an orderly government in place of misrule, and thereby ensured security of life and property for the subjects. He constructed huge and massive buildings, thus giving encouragement to the artisans. He had many works of public utility executed and promoted agriculture by reducing land revenue. But for Madhav Rao, the State of Travancore would have been lost to the Maharaja. Madhav Rao did for Travancore what Pericles did for Athens and Oliver Cromwell for England. He was offered a seat in the Imperial Legislative Council, but did not accept it.

A little later Maharaja Tukojirao Holkar of Indore<sup>1</sup> requested the British Government to give him an able Dewan. When the Government offered the services of Madhav Rao, the Maharaja accepted them for a period of two years. The most noteworthy work he did there was the formulation of the Indore Penal Code. During the two years he held office, he did many good things for the people and raised the State to prosperity.

About this time Malhar Rao Gaekwar of Baroda had been deposed for maladministration of the State, and the offer was made to Madhav Rao of the post of Administrator of the State, which he accepted. Baroda was then in a very perilous condition. Treachery, murder and rioting were rampant everywhere. There was discord among the people, life and property were unsafe, and a strong man was needed to restore peace and order. The monopoly of collecting State revenues was vested in big *Sardars*. Money-

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<sup>1</sup> An erstwhile Princely State, now merged in Madhya Pradesh

lenders tyrannized over the people with the aid of the police. The State was brimming over with intrigue and conspiracy, and there was no end of lawlessness. But Sir Madhav Rao was not discouraged. He conducted the administration ably. Troublesome intriguers were banished from the State. The *Sardars* and the *Sahukars* were deprived of their monopolies, and the State revenue was placed on a sound footing. The land revenue sepoy was withdrawn and assigned civil duties. The courts of law were reorganised to ensure justice. Libraries were opened. Efficient men were called in from Bombay and Madras and the standards of the services raised. The narrow lanes in Baroda were demolished and burnt down so that beautiful buildings could take their place. Gardens were laid out and a museum was constructed. In this way, he went on for years without any respite, introducing one reform after another. In 1882 the British Government conferred upon him the title of Raja. In appreciation of his services the Maharaja Gaekwar gave him a gift of three lakhs of rupees. From then on he lived in retirement as a private citizen. Even during his retirement he did public work whenever the occasion demanded. He devoted a great deal of attention to education and pleaded for women's education. He was in correspondence with Prince Bismarck of Germany. His career was considered illustrious not only in India, but in Europe also. India has known few such administrators. This illustrious son of India breathed his last on April 4, 1891, at the age of 62.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 21.10.1905

## 20. HORATIO NELSON

### I

...MAX MUELLER has acknowledged in his writings that in Indian philosophy the meaning of life is summed up in four letters spelt—DUTY. Probably at the present day such a meaning of life is not apparent in the conduct of the average Indian. A contemplation of Lord Nelson's life, then, presents in a most striking manner an illustration of duty lived from first to last.

The historic signal "England expects every man will do his duty" is enshrined in the British heart. The signal was sanctified by the unflinching performance of its author, and has been hallowed by a century of its translation into deeds. The measure of England's success is the measure of her people's acceptance of Nelson's signal in the conduct of their own lives. If the sun never sets on the Empire, of which Nelson was one of the founders, it is because her sons have hitherto followed the path of duty.

Nelson is worshipped today as no other man is worshipped in the Empire, not because he was a naval hero, not because he was a man who never received an answer to his question as to what fear was, but because he was a living embodiment of duty. To him his country was first—he himself was last. He fought because that was his duty. No wonder that his men followed where he led them. He it was who made England Mistress of the Seas. But he was much more. There was no self-interest in his service. His patriotism was of the purest type...

*INDIAN OPINION*, 28-10-1905

### II

"WHAT IS FEAR? I've never seen it." The boy who asked the question of his grandmother has made England a world power....

Horatio Nelson died on October 21, 1805. His death centenary

was celebrated on the 21st of this month wherever the Union Jack flies. He was born on September 29, 1758. This means that at the time of his death he was only 47. Few men in the world have done what Nelson did while yet so young; rare was the daring he showed and the tasks he performed. Togo<sup>1</sup> is said to have done something similar for Japan. But his victories being very recent, their consequences are not yet apparent. Our minds are not yet calm, and we cannot therefore appreciate them correctly.

“What is fear?” Nelson asked the question of his grandmother when he was hardly twelve. The grandmother could give no reply, and all his life he knew no fear. At twelve he began going out to sea and doing brave deeds such as few men could do.

In 1789 the Revolution broke out in France. Napoleon Bonaparte came to the fore. He was determined to conquer all Europe. And he would have done it too, it is said, but for Nelson. In fact England alone remained unconquered. Napoleon told his Captains: “Hold the English Channel clear for me only for six hours, and I will conquer England.” But Nelson foiled his hopes. A fierce battle ensued between the French and the English navies. In the three great engagements that took place, Nelson successively lost an arm, an eye and, finally, his life.

The biggest of these was the Battle of Trafalgar.<sup>2</sup> If England sustained a defeat this time, she would lose prestige. Nelson was well aware of this and had made the necessary preparations. The officers and men under him all but worshipped him. There was not a danger that he had not himself braved. When in the Battle of the Nile<sup>3</sup> he lost an arm, Nelson busied himself with caring for the wounded utterly regardless of his own pain. So daring was he. He was determined not to own defeat as long as a single British

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<sup>1</sup> Admiral leading the Japanese fleet that defeated the Russians in the Russo-Japanese War, 1905

<sup>2</sup> In which the French fleet was destroyed and Nelson killed, 1805

<sup>3</sup> 1798, when Nelson defeated the French

sailor was alive. His army was inspired by the same spirit. In his flagship, *The Invincible*, he roared like a lion. The crucial battle was fought on October 19. Nelson unfurled his flag and sent round the word: "England expects every man will do his duty." A French ship and Nelson's ship fell upon each other; there was a torrent of cannon fire; Nelson was wounded. He had himself carried to his cabin. He covered his badges, etc., with his hands so that no one should know that it was Nelson who had been wounded. The battle continued. In spite of unbearable pain, he went on issuing orders. He was informed that the French were losing one ship after another and England was winning. Thus, doing his duty, he breathed his last with the words: "Thank God ! I have done my duty."

Since then the English navy has remained supreme. Napoleon's hopes were shattered, and the English grew in strength. Though no more, Nelson is immortal. All his deeds and sayings are deeply engraved in the hearts of the English people, and even today they sing his praise....

It is no wonder that a nation that produces such heroes and cherishes their memory with such care rises high and enjoys prosperity.

We should not envy the nation, but emulate its example. Those who have faith in God recognize that the British do not rule over India without His will. This too is a divine law that those who rule do so because of the good deeds they have done before. Let us therefore emulate them in their deeds so that our aspirations may be fulfilled.

Let us be as courageous as Nelson and like him know what our duty is. Let us also be patriotic like the nation to which Nelson belonged. Let us forget all thoughts of 'I a Hindu, you a Muslim'; or 'I a Gujarati, you a Madrasi.' Let us sink "I" and "mine" in a common Indian nationality. We shall be free only when a large number of our people are determined to swim

or sink together. How can we walk without a staff so long as we are lame?

*(From Gujarati)*

*INDIAN OPINION, 28-10-1905*

## 21. LORD METCALFE

“THE RIGHT TO RULE belongs to the ruler only if he works for the happiness of the ruled.” Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, who uttered these words and acted up to them, was born in Calcutta on January 30, 1785. After receiving an indifferent sort of education in England he gave up his studies at the early age of fifteen and came to Calcutta the following year. In those days the East India Company was very strict in selecting its employees, and inexperienced youths without proper education were not admitted to its service. Metcalfe was therefore obliged to enter the college at Calcutta. Thus, after receiving education for some time, Metcalfe was appointed to a subordinate post. At nineteen, he became Head Clerk to General Lake. General Lake and the officers under him were annoyed to find the young man in the civil department. Metcalfe took the hint and made up his mind to prove his valour in war. He took the lead in storming the fort of Dig<sup>1</sup> and put in such excellent work that General Lake became greatly pleased with him. Three years later Metcalfe was assigned a very responsible piece of work. The French were conspiring with Maharaja Ranjit Singh in the Punjab. Metcalfe was entrusted with the task of thwarting their

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<sup>1</sup> A fort near Agra; the original has “Lig”.

designs and it was through his efforts that a treaty was signed between the British Government and Ranjit Singh. Lord Minto was so pleased with Metcalfe's achievement that he appointed him Resident in Delhi when he was only twenty-six.

Here he began to interest himself in public welfare. He placed the landholder's rights on a firm basis. This is what he wrote about it:

"The settlement of land revenue should be fixed for a long period, so that the landlords can make large profits and feel grateful to us. In place of the fear that their land might be taken away from them any time, we should create in them the confidence that nobody would deprive them of their land. If we do so, the people will be pleased, and will begin to consider our rule beneficial and in their own interest. There are some who fear that, if people become free and independent, British rule will be in danger. Even granting that this is probable, how can we deprive the ryots of their rights? How can liberal rulers attach any weight to such an argument? The kingdom of man is controlled by the kingdom of God. The Almighty can bestow a kingdom in a moment and take it back in another. Man's ingenuity avails not before His command. The duty of the rulers, therefore, is only to advance the well-being of their subjects. If we but discharge this duty, our Indian subjects will be grateful to us, and the world will for ever sing our praises. What if in future a rebellion should break out as a result of such a policy? Well, if out of the base fear of a future danger we should oppress the subjects, we shall deserve the attacks that may be made against us. And, when we are driven to such a position, the world will scorn us, will spit upon us and call us all sorts of names."

Sympathizing with the ryots in their woes, young Metcalfe wrote such noble words. Metcalfe was later appointed Resident at the Nizam's Court. The Nizam's Government was at that time in great financial difficulty. Some crafty but powerful Englishmen had lent him large sums on interest. Metcalfe was much pained to learn of



this. Without caring for what the Governor-General might think, he did his duty and got rid of the crafty men. In 1827 Metcalfe became a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council at Calcutta. The good Lord William Bentinck was the Viceroy then. When Bentinck was obliged for reasons of health to proceed suddenly to England, Metcalfe was appointed in his place as Acting Governor-General. At this time he did the greatest deed of his life. He enacted the famous law giving freedom to the Indian Press, which displeased his masters—the Board of Directors. But Metcalfe did not care. When prominent Englishmen opposed him, he made the following reply:

“If the argument of my opponents be that the spread of knowledge may be harmful to our rule in India, I say that, whatever be the consequences, it is our duty to educate the people. If British rule can be preserved only by keeping the people in ignorance, our rule then would be a curse on the country and ought to come to an end. But I personally think that we have much more to fear if the people remain ignorant. The spread of knowledge, I hope, will remove their superstitions, will enable them to appreciate the benefits of our government, will promote the goodwill between the rulers and the ruled and will eliminate the differences and disunity amongst the Indians themselves. We, however, do not know what the will of the Almighty is in respect of the future of India. Our duty clearly is to execute the work entrusted to us for the good of the people.”

Metcalfe, thereafter, was appointed Governor-General of Canada. There he fell seriously ill, but disregarding his illness went on doing his duty till the last. He was a deeply religious man. Having served the Queen loyally and won the love of the people, he died in 1840.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 4-11-1905

## 22. SIR T. MUTTUSWAMI AIYAR

SIR T. MUTTUSWAMI AIYAR was born in a poor family at Tanjore on January 28, 1832. Having lost his father at a very early age, Muttuswami had to earn his own living. He therefore took up the job of a village clerk on one rupee a month. This went on till 1846. During this time, a gentleman named Muttuswami Naicker was struck by the boy's intelligence and industry. Once it happened that Naicker received news of the river embankment near a village having given way. He sent for his clerk, but the latter being absent, the boy Muttuswami answered the call. Asked by Naicker to make inquiries about the mishap, Muttuswami went round the whole place and brought all the news. Mr. Naicker did not quite believe him, but, being in a hurry, he passed on the boy's report. Later, Mr. Naicker was much pleased to know that the facts collected by Muttuswami were quite accurate.

Not being satisfied with the kind of life he was leading, Muttuswami resolved to rise higher and started going to school whenever he could find the time. Mr. Naicker who noticed this, kept him for 18 months in a Mission school at Negapatam, and then sent him to a High School in Madras. He also gave him a letter of recommendation to Raja Sir T. Madhav Rao. Muttuswami made daily progress in his studies. Mr. Powell, who was then the Headmaster of the school, saw Muttuswami's merit, and gave him special attention. In 1854, Muttuswami wrote an English essay, which won him a prize of Rs. 500. After he had finished his studies at the High School, he was appointed a teacher on Rs. 60 a month. He rose by stages till he became a responsible education officer. The Government had meanwhile instituted an examination for the Pleader's *Sanad*<sup>1</sup>. Muttuswami prepared for the examination, and stood first in it. In those days the judges used to go on tour from time to time in order to inspect the work of the *munsiffs*<sup>2</sup>. Once Judge

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<sup>1</sup> Licence to practise

<sup>2</sup> Judges of subordinate courts

Beauchamp<sup>1</sup> went there on a surprise visit. He was so pleased with Muttuswami's work that he remarked, "Muttuswami deserves to take a seat by my side." Muttuswami's ability proved to be so outstanding that he was later appointed a Magistrate in Madras. Judge Holloway was much pleased with him. He advised him to pursue his legal studies further, and he did so. As an aid to this study, he learnt German also. He had a very independent mind. An Indian once lodged a complaint against a High Court Judge, charging him with assault. Muttuswami, without any hesitation, issued summons to the judge. The Chief Magistrate suggested that the judge need not be obliged to appear in person. But Muttuswami paid no heed. The judge had to appear before him and was fined Rs. 3. Later, Muttuswami became a judge of the Small Causes Court. In 1878, he was awarded a C.I.E. and made a High Court Judge. He was the first Indian to be appointed to that office. His judgements were so sound and carried such authority that to this day, it is said, they can hold their own against those of the best English judges. The famous Mr. Whitley Stokes says that he has seen few judgements that can compare with those of Muttuswami Aiyar and Syed Mahmud. His work was so exceptional in every way that he was made Chief Justice in 1893. Worn out by hard work, Muttuswami died in 1895.

Not only was Sir Muttuswami foremost in the field of law, he also took the greatest possible interest in promoting the welfare of the Indian people. From time to time he spoke on such subjects as child marriage, widow-remarriage, and foreign travel, and encouraged reformers. He was very kind and simple, always wore *swadeshi* clothes and was a sincere devotee of God. His bright career lent lustre to the entire Presidency of Madras.

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 11-11-1905

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<sup>1</sup> Civil judge, Tanjore, at the time

## 23. BADRUDDIN TYABJI<sup>1</sup>

BADRUDDIN TYABJI'S is a famous name throughout India, particularly in the Bombay Presidency where he is known to all. He revealed his ability at a very early age and was a very good student at school. His career as a student was so bright that his elders decided to send him to England. Sir Pherozeshah and Badruddin were of the same age and were contemporaries at school.

Mr. Badruddin was perhaps the first Indian from the Bombay Presidency to go to England. He excelled in studies, won many laurels in England and then returned to Bombay. He earned a great reputation as an able barrister and was always compared to great English barristers. He successfully fought cases in which he had to confront the famous barristers, Enstey and Inverarity. During the period of his practice at the Bar, there was hardly a big case in which he was not engaged by one or the other party. With his power of oratory and legal acumen, he pleased the judges and won over the members of the jury. He went many times to Kathiawar to fight big State cases, most of which he won. His greatest case was perhaps the defence of Nawabzada Nasuralla Khan. The Collector of Surat, Mr. Lely, had charged the Nawabzada with having offered him a bribe of Rs. 10,000. Mr. Lely gave very strong evidence in the case. Mr. Slater, the Chief Presidency Magistrate of Bombay, gave a harsh judgement, sentencing the Nawabzada to six months' imprisonment. Mr. Badruddin, who was engaged in the appeal against this judgement, argued the law points so ably that Justice Parson quashed the sentence pronounced on the Nawabzada by the lower court and passed severe strictures against Mr. Lely. Mr. Badruddin had, no doubt, won many cases before, but his fame spread all the more with this victory, which saved a member of a noble family from confinement and disgrace. Some

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<sup>1</sup>(1844-1906)

time later the Government of Bombay offered Mr. Badruddin a seat on the High Court Bench, which he accepted. Though the judges' monthly salary was Rs. 3,750, Justice Badruddin was certainly a loser. His income from legal practice was, it is said, about Rs. 100,000 a year. His work as a judge is considered to be of a very high order. His judgements show independence of mind and give satisfaction to all the lawyers as well as the parties.

Just as Justice Tyabji has earned a name in scholarship and the legal profession, so has he won fame in public life too. He has done much for the spread of education in India, particularly among Muslims. He always encourages the education of women. His wife and daughters are all well educated. He has taken an active part in the politics of the country and has done much work in collaboration with Justice Ranade. He was a prominent worker of the Indian National Congress, and has also presided over it.<sup>1</sup> His presidential address was so good that it still ranks as one of the best speeches. Though he is now sitting on the Bench, he is as patriotic as ever. He takes interest in educational matters. By nature he is kind and humble. His knowledge of Hindustani is as profound as his knowledge of English. Few in the Bombay Presidency can match him in Urdu oratory.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 25-11-1905

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<sup>1</sup>In 1887, at Madras

## 24. MANSUKHLAL HIRALAL NAZAR

IT WAS IN THE DARK days of December, 1896, that Mansukhlal Hiralal Nazar landed in Durban, a perfect stranger. He intended to live a quiet life, but a patriot of his type was not able to sit still when he saw his countrymen needing the help of a guiding hand during those trying times. The Durban Demonstration was then brewing. Meetings were held in the Town Hall to protest against the immigration of Indians. The Indian passengers on board the *Naderi* and *Courland* were threatened with dire results if they attempted to land on the shores of Natal. It was then that Mr. Nazar arrived on the scene, and was hailed as a deliverer by the Indian community. Not a soul knew who he was, but his magnetic personality and the authoritative manner in which he spoke about the duty of the people at the time attracted the leaders to him immediately, and it is difficult to say what the Indian community would have done had Mr. Nazar not arrived at the time. He remained closely closeted with Mr. Laughton, who was acting as counsel for the community, and I have it from Mr. Laughton's own lips that Mr. Nazar's assistance and his suggestions at the time proved to him of the utmost value. From that day to the date of his death, Mr. Nazar placed the public cause before his own; his dream of leading a private life was never realised, and though people were never allowed to know it, for the cause of his countrymen Mr. Nazar has died a pauper.<sup>1</sup> For days together he used to live away from Durban, in a secluded home in Sydenham<sup>2</sup>, existing on nothing but a little milk and a few biscuits, and time alone will show the nature and value of the unostentatious services rendered by Mr. Nazar.

He was born in the early 'sixties, and belonged to a family of noble traditions and to one of the most cultured castes in India, namely, the Kayastha division. As is shown by his family name,

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<sup>1</sup> Died on January 20, 1906

<sup>2</sup> A suburb of Durban

the Nazars, in the early days, must have served the Moghul emperors as trusted officials. The late Mr. Hiralal Nazar, the father of the subject of this memoir, was one of the earliest products of English education in the Western presidency<sup>1</sup>, and was a tried servant of the Government. He was a civil engineer, and, by his ability and strength of character, inspired so much confidence, that the Government allowed him to possess a knowledge of the secret defences in the fortress at Bombay. Mr. Nazar was very nearly related to the late Justice Nanabhai Haridas. He was educated in Bombay, and having passed his matriculation examination with distinction, he prosecuted his further studies at the Elphinstone College at Bombay. As a rule, he was easily first in his class, and gave promise of a brilliant career, but being of a restless turn of mind, he never finished his studies. He imbibed from Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and the other Indian patriotic giants of the time the idea of using his life for the service of his country, and he was, therefore, instrumental in establishing an Un[der]graduates' Association which vied with the older established Graduates' Association, under the brilliant chairmanship of Sir Pheroza Shah Mehta. Memorials that were drafted by Mr. Nazar and presented to the Government about University Reform showed Mr. Nazar's brilliant penmanship and his political turn of mind. He also studied for four years at the Grant Medical College, and was thereby able to receive a fair amount of knowledge of medicine which was very useful to him in after-life. Mr. Nazar did not wish to accept any service, and belonging to the Hon. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's school of thought, he considered that the salvation of India must come both from within and from without, and that education was not to be used as a means for obtaining position nor was it to be divorced from commerce. He and his talented brothers, therefore, set out for England, and threw themselves into the commercial strife with

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<sup>1</sup> Bombay

great energy, but Mr. Nazar was always a politician first and everything else afterwards. He, therefore, continued his public work in London. He identified himself with many useful institutions, and was elected a delegate to the Oriental Congress that was held in Christiania.<sup>1</sup> He came into contact with the late Professor Max Mueller and many other Orientalists, and by his accurate knowledge of Oriental literature, commanded their admiration. But Mr. Nazar was also something more. He was a journalist of a very high type. He used, at one time, to be very intimately connected with the *Advocate of India* to which he contributed not a little, free of charge. He used to correspond with many well-known newspapers in India as if he was preparing for a similar career in Natal.

Not having succeeded so well as he wished to in his commercial affairs in Europe, all over which he had travelled more than once, he migrated to South Africa. The story of his work in Natal, which he made his home, is soon told. Instead of developing his commercial work, he threw himself heart and soul into public work. In 1897, he was sent to England as a special delegate to voice the grievances of the British Indians. There he met the late Sir William Wilson Hunter<sup>2</sup>, Sir Lepel Griffin<sup>3</sup>, the Hon. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Sir Mancherji Bhownaggee, and many other public men. Sir William Hunter was so struck with Mr. Nazar's ability and moderation that he devoted a special article in the columns of *The Times* mentioning Mr. Nazar's work. The late Lord Northbrook, Lord Reay and other Anglo-Indians gave him a patient hearing, and as a result of his work, the East India Association took up the cause of British Indians most warmly. I do not wish to lay stress on Mr. Nazar's work in that direction. I wish to raise no discordant note. His most imperishable work was all done behind the scenes, and it

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<sup>1</sup> Oslo, Norway

<sup>2</sup> (1840-1900); authority on Indian affairs and leading member of the British Committee

<sup>3</sup> A member of the Indian Civil Service, and administrator in the Punjab



consisted in nourishing the tender plant of mutual understanding between the two communities in South Africa. He served as a link between the two. He was a politician of a high order. There was nothing of the agitator about him. His work was all quiet. He interpreted the best traits of each community to the other. Whilst he advocated strongly the rights of his countrymen, in season and out of season, he placed before the latter their responsibilities, and always counselled prudence and patience. He was pre-eminently a friend of the poor. The poorest class of Indians found in him a faithful adviser and friend. When the Natal Indian Ambulance Corps<sup>1</sup> was raised, everybody advised him, because of the heart disease from which he then suffered, that it was not necessary for him to take an active part in the work of the Corps, but he would not listen, and volunteered his services as a member, and it was there that he used his knowledge of medicine to good purpose.

Without him this journal<sup>2</sup> would never have come into being. In the initial stages of its struggle, Mr. Nazar took up almost the whole of the editorial burden, and if it is known for its moderate policy and sound views, the fact is due, to a very large extent, to the part that Mr. Nazar played in connection with it.

An Indian reading this account will understand thoroughly what Mr. Nazar was, when I state that he was a real *Yogin*, a cosmopolitan Hindu, knowing no distinction as to caste or creed, recognising no religious differences. His one solace in life was the *Bhagvad Gita*, the "Song Celestial". He was imbued with its philosophy. He knew the Sanskrit text almost by heart, and the writer of this memoir is personally aware that amid his sorest trials—and he had his full share of them—he was in a position to preserve fairly perfect equanimity under the inspiration of that teaching. To an orthodox Hindu, some of his ways would appear to be strange, but Mr. Nazar was undoubtedly a strange mixture. It is not the

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<sup>1</sup>Organised by Gandhiji during the Boer War, 1899-1902

<sup>2</sup>*Indian Opinion*

writer's purpose to scrutinise the character of the dead man. Indians will have to search far and wide before they will be able to find Mr. Nazar's equal. He disdained praise and never wanted any, and whether he was blamed or praised, he never allowed his public work to be affected. We do not stumble upon such selfless workers anywhere and everywhere. They are few among all communities. Time alone will show what the Indian community and, shall I say even the European community, has lost in Mr. Nazar.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 27-1-1906

## 25. MR. W. C. BONNERJEE

WE REGRET to announce the death of Mr. Womesh Chunder Bonnerjee, one of the greatest Indian patriots of modern times. The late Mr. Bonnerjee belonged to what may be called the Naoroji school of patriots, who devoted their time and talents to their country's good. Mr. Bonnerjee was one of the foremost barristers in Bengal, and at a very early stage of his career rose to fame by his forensic eloquence and legal acumen. The unusual influence he thereby gained was used for the benefit of his country. The deceased was one of the founders of the Indian National Congress, of which he was the first President, and which he served up to the last day of his life, using his purse freely for the public cause....

A life, such as Mr. Bonnerjee's, teaches many a lesson to the present generation of Indian youth, and the best tribute that any

Indian can render to the memory of the deceased is to copy his example. We tender to the late Mr. Bonnerjee's family our respectful sympathy. Their loss is also India's.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 25-8-1906

## 26. ADAMJI MIYANKHAN

### I

MR. ADAMJI MIYANKHAN sailed home on the 7th. His services to the Indian community should be an example to all Indian traders. His portrait is published in this issue. Mr. Adamji comes of a noble family. His ancestors carried on a business in brocades and many varieties of cloth. In 1884, when he was eighteen, he came to South Africa along with his brother, Mr. Gulam Hussain, and his father, Mr. Miyankhan. He had had some English education which proved very useful.

It was really in 1896-7 that the Indian community had the occasion to benefit from his public services. It was not long after the Congress had been founded, and its first Secretary was to leave for India. The problem then arose of who was to take his place. But thanks to his knowledge of English and his tact and competence, Mr. Adamji was unanimously appointed Acting Secretary. At this time Mr. Abdul Karim Haji Amod Zaveri was the President. Within six months of their assumption of office the funds of the Congress rose from £100 to £1100. The members also in those days were full of enthusiasm. They used to travel long distances in their own carriages to collect funds. And the whole community now enjoys

the fruits of the work they did at that time. Most of the credit for this work goes to Mr. Adamji; no society can progress unless its secretary is alert and has drive. But it was in the December of 1896 and the January of 1897 that Adamji's tact and ability were clearly seen. At that time the passengers from *s.s. Courland* and *s.s. Naderi* had a difficult time in landing at Durban. The whites were opposed to their landing and were determined at all costs to prevent it. The occasion called for great self-restraint, a quick judgement and patience. Mr. Adamji showed all these virtues. He worked day and night, at the cost of his own business, to ward off the looming misery. It was at this time that the late Mr. Nazar came to South Africa and rendered valuable help. However, if Mr. Adamji had not shown that grit and tenacity, the happy ending could never have come about.

From the time of the above crisis until the present day, Mr. Adamji has always done public work to the best of his capacity and has given the benefit of his experience to Mr. Omar Haji Amod Zaveri and Mr. Mahomed Cassim Anglia who are now Joint Secretaries. . .

(From Gujarati)

INDIAN OPINION, 9-2-1907

## II

INSCRUTABLE ARE THE WAYS of God. It is only five months since our well-known leader, Mr. Adamji Miyankhan, returned home to India. And now comes the news of his sudden death on the 23rd at Ahmedabad after an illness of 20 days which caused him bed-sores. Those who have heard of him and of his work in Natal and other parts of South Africa cannot but feel grieved at this sad news. Gradually the time is coming in South Africa when patriotic workers will be needed in still larger numbers. At such a time it

is difficult to fill the gap created by the premature death of an able and conscientious leader like Mr. Adamji Miyankhan. His patriotism and other valuable qualities of character are well known. Traits of character such as intelligence, patience, quickness of grasp and readiness for self-sacrifice, which he showed as Acting Secretary of the Congress and during his subsequent public career, deserve emulation. His popularity was evident on the occasion of the farewell party at the time of his departure. Even in India it was his intention to conduct a campaign against the hardships (of Indians) in South Africa. It is but natural that the death of such a benevolent gentleman at the early age of 41 should cause grief. We offer our condolences to the family of the departed, and urge his admirers to emulate his great virtues.

*(From Gujarati)*

*INDIAN OPINION, 27-7-1907*

## 27. HENRY DAVID THOREAU

MANY YEARS AGO, there lived in America a great man named Henry David Thoreau. His writings are read and pondered over by millions of people. Some of them put his ideas into practice. Much importance is attached to his writings because Thoreau himself was a man who practised what he preached. Impelled by a sense of duty, he wrote much against his own country, America. He considered it a great sin that the Americans held many persons in the bonds of slavery. He did not rest content with saying this, but took all other necessary steps to put a stop to this trade. One of these steps consisted in not paying any taxes to the State in which

the slave trade was being carried on. He was imprisoned when he stopped paying the taxes due from him....

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 7-9-1907

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DAVID THOREAU WAS a great writer, philosopher, poet, and withal a most practical man, that is, he taught nothing he was not prepared to practise in himself. He was one of the greatest and most moral men America has produced. At the time of the abolition of slavery movement, he wrote his famous essay "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience". He went to gaol for the sake of his principles and suffering humanity. His essay has, therefore, been sanctified by suffering. Moreover, it is written for all time. Its incisive logic is unanswerable.

INDIAN OPINION, 26-10-1907

## 28. JOHN RUSKIN

### I

PEOPLE IN THE WEST generally hold that it is man's duty to promote the happiness—prosperity, that is—of the greatest number. Happi-

ness is taken to mean material happiness exclusively, that is, economic prosperity. If, in the pursuit of this happiness moral laws are violated, it does not matter much. Again, as the object is the happiness of the greatest number, people in the West do not believe it to be wrong if it is secured at the cost of the minority. The consequences of this attitude are in evidence in all western countries.

The exclusive quest for the physical and material happiness of the majority has no sanction in divine law. In fact, some thoughtful persons in the West have pointed out that it is contrary to divine law to pursue happiness in violation of moral principles. The late John Ruskin<sup>1</sup> was foremost among these. He was an Englishman of great learning. He has written numerous books on art and crafts. He has also written a great deal on ethical questions. One of these books, a small one, Ruskin himself believed to be his best. It is read widely wherever English is spoken. In the book, he has effectively countered these arguments and shown that the well-being of the people at large consists in conforming to the moral law ....

(From *Gujarati*)

INDIAN OPINION, 16-5-1908

## II

I BELIEVE THAT I discovered some of my deepest convictions reflected in this great book of Ruskin, and that is why it so captured me and made me transform my life. A poet is one who can call forth

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<sup>1</sup>(1819-1900); a Scotsman and author of many books on architecture, painting, social and industrial problems, the place of women in society, etc.; Slade Professor of Art in Oxford for some time; later became opposed to vivisection and usury and interested in workers' education and co-operative industrial settlements. Together with *Munera Pulveris*, *Unto This Last*, which was published as a series of articles in *Cornhill Magazine*, expounds Ruskin's social utopia. Gandhiji describes Ruskin as "one of the three moderns...who made a deep impress on me". *Unto This Last* "brought about an instantaneous and practical transformation..." Polak commended this book to Gandhiji who read it on the train journey between Johannesburg and Durban.

the good latent in the human breast. Poets do not influence all alike, for everyone is not evolved in an equal measure.

The teachings of *Unto This Last* I understood to be:

1. That the good of the individual is contained in the good of all.
2. That a lawyer's work has the same value as the barber's in as much as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their work.
3. That a life of labour, i.e., the life of the tiller of the soil and the handicraftsman is the life worth living.

The first of these I knew. The second I had dimly realized. The third had never occurred to me. *Unto This Last* made it as clear as daylight for me that the second and the third were contained in the first. I arose with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles to practice.<sup>2</sup>

*AUTOBIOGRAPHY*, pp. 220-1

## 29. NARAYANSAMY

NARAYANSAMY IS DEAD,<sup>1</sup> but even in death he lives. He is no more in the body, but he has left an immortal name behind him. Birth and death are the common lot of all. If we consider the matter deeply, we shall realize that death, whether it comes early or late, should be no cause for grieving or rejoicing. On the contrary, to die in the service of the community or in the pursuit of some other

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<sup>1</sup> He died on 16-10-1910.



good aim is in reality not to die but to live. Is there any patriotic Indian who will not be prepared to die for the sake of the motherland? Of course, none. So long as we do not have this [spirit] in us, we cannot claim to be patriotic.

Narayansamy suffered much. A voyage on the deck is full of hazards, all the more so if one has insufficient clothing and is handicapped in other ways. Narayansamy undertook such a voyage for the sake of the motherland. He has left the world, facing suffering till the end. We shall count him a true satyagrahi. Terms in which we cannot speak of even the greatest satyagrahi will be quite justified when applied to Narayansamy. He has died a perfect satyagrahi. Even a staunch satyagrahi will deserve our praise only when he has proved his worth to the full.

Nagappen achieved immortal fame in his death. And so has Narayansamy. While grieving with the members of his family on account of his death, we shall also congratulate them. All honour unto their mothers for having given birth to Nagappen and Narayansamy.

Though we think thus that Narayansamy died a hallowed death, so far as the Transvaal Government is concerned, it can be charged with legalized murder. If anyone places another person in circumstances which result in his death, the former may be charged with the latter's murder. This is just what has happened in Narayansamy's case. He and his companions were taken first, from Durban to Port Elizabeth, thence to Cape Town, from Cape Town again to Durban and so on. There were innumerable difficulties about accommodation, clothing and food. If the Indian community had not provided the other Indians with clothing and food, they too would have been reduced to the same plight. In acting thus, the Transvaal Government has been guilty of extreme harshness and its harshness has resulted in Narayansamy's death. Hence we charge the Government with murder. Since no legal steps can be taken against it, though it is guilty of murder, we call this legal murder.

Nagappen and Narayansamy have thus left us. The Tamil community is laying the other Indians under an increasingly heavier debt. It is covering itself with greater glory day by day. How will it ever be possible after this to make an adequate return for the services of the Tamil community? Other Indians would do well to take a lesson from it and, copying its example, learn to suffer in silence for the sake of the motherland. The [Indian] community will disgrace itself if it fails in this.

*(From Gujarati)*

INDIAN OPINION, 22-10-1910

### 30. MR. ABDOOLLA HAJEE ADAM

ONE OF THE GREATEST figures in the Indian community of Natal is no more. Mr. Abdoolla Hajee Adam Jhaveri<sup>1</sup>, of the well-known firm of Dada Abdoolla and Co., breathed his last on Monday last, at the age of 58 leaving a widow, together with the whole Indian community and not a few of his European friends to mourn after him. With the deceased was linked the political as also the commercial life of the Indians of Natal. He was one of the first independent Indian settlers of Natal, having almost immediately followed the late Mr. Aboobaker Amod<sup>2</sup>. Mr. Abdoolla Hajee

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<sup>1</sup> He invited Gandhiji to South Africa in 1893 to represent his case to an English lawyer.

<sup>2</sup> Abubaker Amod Zaveri; one of the early Indian settlers in the Transvaal, a leading merchant of silk and fancy goods and the only Indian to own landed property in the Transvaal. He sent indentured Indians in distress back to India in his ships free of charge and even helped them with food and money *en route*.

Adam, together with his partners, probably owned the largest Indian business throughout South Africa during the last decade of the past century. His firm had at one time probably no fewer than fifteen branches, their transactions with England, Germany and India running into thousands of pounds sterling. He was the first Indian to have gone in for ship-owning in South Africa, he having bought the *Courland* and the *Khedive*. Mr. Abdoolla Hajee Adam's political ability was as great as his business talent. He was the President-founder of the Natal Indian Congress. His oratorical powers in his own mother tongue were of no mean order. Though his knowledge of English was all picked up, he could carry on with ease a sustained argument in English. He used to surprise his European friends by his resources in argument and apt illustrations which he used to draw upon for enforcing his point. He headed many a deputation to the Natal Government, especially during the late Sir John Robinson's premiership. Though he was ailing, he took a most active and prominent part in the boycott of the Coronation celebrations when he spoke to the crowds that surrounded him with his old fire. No memoir of Mr. Abdoolla Hajee Adam would be complete that did not refer to his religious zeal. His greatest pleasure in life was probably to engage in a religious and philosophical discussion. He lost no opportunity of placing before his arguers the beauties of the religion of the holy Prophet of Arabia.

We tender our condolences to the late Mr. Abdoolla Hajee Adam's family.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 3-2-1912

## 31. GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

THE SUBJECT OF THIS SKETCH is so well known that it is almost superfluous to explain who and what Mr. Gokhale is. South African Indians remember with deep gratitude his continued advocacy of their cause and his sympathy with them in their troubles. He will be always remembered as the man who largely brought about the stoppage of recruiting indentured labour in India for Natal. Mr. Gokhale's energies have been recently thrown into the introduction of a Bill in the Viceroy's Council to provide free and compulsory education for every child in India. Although unsuccessful, Mr. Gokhale is not the man to be discouraged by failure. When he knew that the fate of his Bill was sealed, he made no complaint. In his speech before the Council he said: "I know too well the story of the preliminary efforts that were required even in England before the Act of 1870 was passed, either to complain or to feel depressed. Moreover, I have always felt and have often said that we of the present generation in India can only hope to serve our country by our failures." Such is the man as he is today. His life has been spent in serving the Motherland, and it is the prayer of millions in India and elsewhere that he may be spared many more years to continue the work he loves so well.

Gopal Krishna Gokhale was born in 1866 at Kolhapur, India. His parents were poor, but they sent him to the local college to be educated. He was a successful student and took his B. A. course principally at the Elphinstone College, Bombay, and partly at the Deccan College, Poona. After taking his degree, in 1884, he was admitted to membership of the Deccan Education Society. The life-members of this Society bind themselves to serve in the Fergusson College and in the schools of the Society for a period of twenty years on a monthly salary of 75 rupees. For some time Mr. Gokhale lectured on English literature and mathematics, but for the greater part of his term of service he filled the chair of History and Political

Economy, subjects which he has so thoroughly mastered that he is acknowledged to be an authority on them. Such was his devotion and love for the work that, for several years, he devoted all his holidays to the work of collecting funds, travelling incessantly, bearing hardships, and submitting to indignities. Mr. Gokhale, though never occupying the position of Principal, was a man of great influence in the conduct of its affairs. About the time that he entered the Fergusson College, Mr. Gokhale came under the influence of the late Mr. Justice Ranade<sup>1</sup>, and for many years they studied together great world problems, and especially those concerning India. In 1887, in compliance with Mr. Ranade's wish, Mr. Gokhale became the editor of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha. Subsequently he became Honorary Secretary of the Deccan Sabha. He was also for four years one of the editors of the *Sudharak*, an Anglo-Marathi weekly of Poona. He was Secretary of the Bombay Provincial Council for a similar period, and when, in 1895, the Indian National Congress held its eleventh session in Poona, Mr. Gokhale was elected as one of its Secretaries. In 1897 he was selected, along with other prominent public men of Bombay, to go to England and give evidence before the Welby Commission on Indian Expenditure. There, thanks to his excellent training, he was able to stand the severe heckling to which the expert Commission subjected him, and showed a thorough grasp of principles and mastery of details. The character of the man was brought out in connection with some letters which he addressed to the British Press on the plague administration in India. When he returned to India, he was called upon to substantiate his charges, and, on his friends, who had furnished him with the information, failing to come forward to support him, Mr. Gokhale acted in accordance with the best

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<sup>1</sup> Mahadev Govind Ranade (1842-1901); economist, historian and social reformer; and one of the founders of the Indian National Congress; became a Judge of the Bombay High Court in 1893; author of *Rise of the Maratha Power*, *Essays in Indian Economics* and other books.

traditions of public life and offered a generous apology. For this gentlemanly act, Mr. Gokhale suffered a great deal of unpopularity in some quarters. During 1900 and 1901, Mr. Gokhale was an elected member of the Bombay Legislative Council where he did most useful work. In 1902, he was elected a member of the Supreme Legislative Council, which is presided over by the Viceroy of India. His first Budget speech came as a revelation to the public. Ever since, his speech on the occasion of the Budget has been looked forward to with eager interest. His mastery of facts and figures and his detailed knowledge of administrative problems, together with his command of simple, clear, vigorous expression and earnestness of purpose, call forth the admiration of even his opponents. Some of the most highly placed officials in India are his personal friends, and even Lord Curzon recognized in Mr. Gokhale "a foeman not unworthy of his steel". The Viceroy is reported to have said that it was a pleasure to cross swords with Mr. Gokhale and that Mr. Gokhale was the ablest Indian he had come across; and, in token of his admiration for his ability and character, decorated him with the title of C.I.E.

The Servants of India Society was formed by Mr. Gokhale in 1906. Mr. Gokhale believes that the Motherland is greatly in need of men who will devote their lives to willing service, and it is through the medium of this Society that he is training men for the noble work of educating the people of India in matters concerning their physical and moral welfare. In the same year Mr. Gokhale went on a mission to England, on behalf of the Bombay public, and, just before leaving again for India, he received a pressing invitation to become the President of the forthcoming Congress at Benares. Mr. Gokhale was not at all well at the time, and would have been excused from the arduous duties, but he at last yielded to the public demand. The speech delivered by Mr. Gokhale as President dealt in a masterly manner with Lord Curzon's administration, the Partition of Bengal, the *Swadeshi* movement, and the demand of the Indian people for

a greater share in the Government of their own country. It is not possible, in this brief outline of Mr. Gokhale's career, to go further into this and other speeches, but we would recommend readers to obtain a copy of Mr. Gokhale's published speeches and study them. We cannot do better than conclude by quoting the closing lines of the excellent introduction to Mr. Natesan's publication, *The Speeches of the Hon. Mr. G.K. Gokhale*, from which we have gleaned the facts for this sketch:

"Magnanimous by nature, he seldom wounds the feelings of his adversary even when he hits the hardest. Identified as he is with the moderate school of political thought, he is far from being a party man. Scorning all mere strife, his great anxiety is to unite all parties by the common tie of patriotism. Brought up in a school of severe self-examination, he is always on the guard against the insidious influences of the partisan spirit, and will not allow his love of his fellow countrymen to be affected by irrelevant distinctions. Chaste in thought, word and deed, a master of lucid exposition, a speaker who inspires without inflaming, a citizen who is not afraid of strife but loves amity, a worker who can obey as well as command, a soldier of progress with invincible faith in his cause—Mr. Gokhale is indeed a perfect Servant of India.

INDIAN OPINION, 24-8-1912

## II

MY ONE DESIRE tonight is that my heart may reach your hearts and that there should be a real at-one-ment between us.

You have all learnt something about Tulsidas's *Ramayana*. The most stirring part is that about the companionship of the good. We should seek the company of those who have suffered and served and died. One such was Mr. Gokhale. He is dead, but his work is not dead, for his spirit lives.

The masses came to know of Gokhale's efficiency in work. All

know Gokhale's life of action. But few know of his religious life. Truth was the spring of all his actions.

This was behind all his works, even his politics. This was the reason he founded the Servants of India Society, the ideal of which was to spiritualise the political as well as the social life of the nation.....

I was in quest of a really truthful hero in India and I found him in Gokhale. His love and reverence for India were truly genuine. For serving his country, he completely eschewed all happiness and self-interest. Even while lying on his sick-bed, his mind was occupied in thinking about the welfare of India. A few days ago, when at night he was under the grip of a painful ailment, he called for some of us and began talking about the bright future of India, as envisaged by him. Doctors repeatedly advised him to retire from work but he would not listen to them. He said, "None but death can separate me from work." And death at last brought peaceful rest to him. May God bless his soul !

### III

...WHAT IS THE message of a life such as this? The Mahatma did not leave even this unsaid. When dying, he sent for the members of the Servants of India Society who were then present and told them: "Do not occupy yourselves with writing my biography or spend your time in putting up my statues. If you are true servants of India, dedicate your lives to the fulfilment of our aims, to the service of India." We know, too, what he felt in his heart about the meaning of that service. The Congress should of course be kept

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From *The Ashram*, handwritten monthly magazine of Shantiniketan, June & July, 1915; also a Bengali report in *Tattvabodhini Patrika*, February, 1915. (*C.W.M.G.*, Vol. XIII, pp. 26-28)



alive, the true condition of the country should be placed before the people through speeches and writings and efforts made to have education provided to every Indian. What was the aim behind all this? And how was it to be realized? In answering these questions, we get to know his point of view. Framing a constitution for the Servants [of India] Society, he laid down that the duty of its members would be to spiritualize political life in India. This embraces everything. His was a religious life. My soul stands witness that, in all that he did, at all times, he acted wholly in the spirit of religion. Some twenty years ago, this Mahatma's sentiments sometimes appeared to be those of an atheist. He said once: "I don't have Ranade's faith. How I should like to have it!" Even at that time, however, I could see a religious bent of mind in his actions. It would not be wrong to say that his very doubt proceeded from such a bent of mind. He who lives in the manner of a sadhu, whose desires are simple, who is the image of truth, is full of humility, who represents the very essence of truth and has wholly renounced his ego, such a one is a holy soul, whether he knows it or not. Such a one was Mahatma Gokhale, as I could see from my twenty years' acquaintance with him.

In 1896, I discussed [with leaders] in India the question of indentured labour in Natal. At that time, I knew the Indian leaders only by name. This was the first occasion when I had contact with the leaders at Calcutta, Bombay, Poona and Madras. The late Gokhale was then known as a follower of Ranade. He had already at this time dedicated his life to the Fergusson College. I was a mere youth, with no experience. The bond which developed between us on the occasion of our very first meeting in Poona never came to exist between any other leader and me. Sure enough, all that I had heard about Mahatma Gokhale was confirmed by my own experience; but especially the effect which the soft expression on his lotus-like face had on me has still not vanished from my mind. I instantly recognized him as dharma incarnate. I had an audience

with Shri Ranade, too, at that time, but I could get no glimpse into his heart. I could only see him as Gokhale's mentor. Whether it was that he was much senior to me in age and experience or that there were some other reasons, whatever the reason, I could not understand Shri Ranade as well as I could Gokhale.

After this contact with him in 1896, Gokhale's political life became my ideal. That very time he took possession of my heart as my guru in matters political. . . .

The satyagraha struggle made so profound an impression on his mind that, though his health absolutely forbade it, he decided to pay a visit to South Africa. He went there in 1912. The Indians in South Africa gave him a right royal welcome. On the very next day after his arrival in Cape Town, there was a meeting in the local Town Hall. The Mayor was in the chair. Gokhale was in no condition to attend meetings and make speeches. But he left intact all the countless and taxing engagements that had been fixed. Following this decision, he attended the meeting in the Town Hall. At that very first appearance, he conquered the hearts of the whites in Cape Town. Everyone felt that a great soul was visiting South Africa. Mr. Merriman<sup>1</sup>, a prominent leader in South Africa and a man of character and liberal views, had this to say when they met: "Sir, a visit by a person like you brings a breath of fresh air into this land of ours." . . .

On the Hindu-Muslim question, too, his approach was ever the most religious. Once a man dressed as a sadhu went to see him, claiming to speak for Hindus. He would have the Muslims treated as inferior and the Hindus as superior. When Mr. Gokhale refused to play his game, he was accused of wanting in pride as a Hindu. Knitting his brows, he replied in a voice that pierced the heart: "If Hinduism consists in doing what you say, I am not a Hindu. Please leave me." One *sannyasi* left another and walked off.

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<sup>1</sup> (1841-1926), M.L.A., Union of South Africa

Mr. Gokhale possessed in an eminent degree the quality of fearlessness. Among the qualities that make for the religious way of life, this occupies almost the first place. There was a reign of terror in Poona after the assassination of Lieutenant Rand.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gokhale was in England at that time. He made a famous speech there in defence of Poona. Some of the statements he made in that speech could not subsequently be proved. After some time, he returned to India. He apologized to the British troops against whom he had levelled charges. This action even displeased a section of the Indian people. Some persons advised the Mahatma to retire from public life. A few ignorant Indians did not even hesitate to accuse him of pusillanimity. To all of them, he replied in words at once earnest and gentle: "What I have undertaken at no one's order, I can abandon at no one's order. I should be happy to have popular opinion on my side while performing my duty; should I not be so fortunate, however, that too may be just as well." He believed that one's duty lay in working. I never observed that, while doing anything, he considered its effect on popular opinion from the point of view of his personal fortunes. If it ever became necessary to mount the gallows for the sake of the country, I believe he had the strength to do so fearlessly and with a smile on his face. I know that, often enough, mounting the gallows would have been a far easier thing for him than to be in the condition he had to pass through. He was in such painful situations more than once but he never gave way.

All these instances would seem to point to this lesson, that if we would learn anything from the life of this great patriot, it should be to emulate his religious attitude. All of us cannot go into the Central Legislative Assembly, nor do we always observe that doing so necessarily means serving the nation. We all cannot join the

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<sup>1</sup> In 1897, W.C. Rand, I.C.S., and Lieutenant Ayerst were assassinated in Poona while on plague duty. Damodar Hari Chaperkar and his brother were tried and executed for the murder,

Public Service Commission and all those who do are not patriots. We may not, everyone of us, acquire his learning, nor do we see that every learned person is a servant of the country. All of us, however, can cultivate virtues like fearlessness, truthfulness, fortitude, justice, straightforwardness, firmness of purpose, and dedicate them to the service of the nation. This is the religious way. This is what the *mahavakya*, that political life should be spiritualized, means. He who follows this line will always know the path he should take. He will earn a share in the legacy left by the late Shri Gokhale. It is the divine assurance that anyone acting in this spirit will come by all the other gifts he needs. The life of the late Shri Gokhale is an irrefutable proof of this.

(From Gujarati)

MAHATMA GANDHINI VICHARSRISHTI

(C.W.M.G. Vol. XIII, pp. 202-208)

#### IV

...WHAT COULD A disciple, however, write about his master? How could he write it? It would be presumptuous for a disciple to do so. The true disciple merges himself in the guru and so can never be a critic of the guru. *Bhakti* or devotion has no eye for shortcomings. There can be no cause for complaint if the public do not accept the eulogies of one who refuses to analyse the merits and shortcomings of his subject. The disciple's own actions are, in fact, his commentary on the master. I have often said that Gokhale was my political guru. That is why I consider myself incapable of writing about him. Whatever I write would seem imperfect in my eyes. I believe the relationship between the master and the disciple is purely spiritual. It is not based on arithmetical calculations. The relationship is formed on the instant, spontaneously, as it were, and never snaps once it is formed.

This relationship of ours was formed in the year 1896. I had no idea of its nature then; nor had he. About the same time, I had

the good fortune to wait on the master's master (Justice Mahadev Govind Ranade), Lokamanya Tilak, Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, Justice Badruddin Tyabji, Dr. Bhandarkar<sup>1</sup>, as also the leaders of Madras and Bengal. I was but a raw youth. Everyone of them showered his love on me. These were among the occasions which I can never forget while I live. But the peace of mind which my contacts with Gokhale gave me, those with others did not. I do not remember that any special affection was shown to me by Gokhale. If I were to measure and compare the love I experienced from them all, I have an impression that no one else showed such love to me as Dr. Bhandarkar did. He told me: "I do not take any part in public affairs now. But, for your sake I will preside over the public meeting on the issue which you have at heart." Still, it was only Gokhale who bound me to himself. Our new relationship did not take shape immediately. But in 1902<sup>2</sup>, when I attended the Calcutta Congress, I became fully aware of my being in the position of a disciple. Now, again, I had the privilege of meeting almost all the leaders mentioned above. I saw that Gokhale had not only not forgotten me but had actually taken me under his charge. This had its tangible results. He dragged me to his quarters. During the Subjects Committee meeting, I felt helpless. While the various resolutions were under discussion, I could not, right till the end, gather enough courage to declare that I too had a resolution in my pocket on South Africa. It was not to be expected that the night would halt for my sake. The leaders were impatient to finish the business on hand. I was trembling with the fear that they would rise to leave any moment. I could not summon up courage to remind even Gokhale of my business. Just then he cried out, "Gandhi has a resolution on South Africa; we must take it up." My joy knew no bounds. This was my first experience of the Congress and I put great store by resolutions passed by it. There

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<sup>1</sup> R.G. Bhandarkar (1837-1925); orientalist and reformer

<sup>2</sup> This is evidently a slip; the year was 1901.

is no counting the occasions (of our meeting) that followed, and they are all sacred to me...

In these difficult and degenerate times, the pure spirit of religion is hardly in evidence anywhere. Men who go about the world calling themselves *rishis*, *munis* and *sadhus* rarely show this spirit in themselves. Obviously, they have no great treasure of the religious spirit to guard. In one beautiful phrase, Narasinha Mehta, best among the lovers of God, has shown in what that spirit consists:

Vain, vain all spiritual effort

Without meditation on the Self.

He said this out of his own vast experience. It tells us that religion does not necessarily dwell even in the man of great austerities or a great yogi who knows all the procedures of Yoga. I have not the least doubt that Gokhale was wise in the truth of the Self. He never pretended to observe any religious practice but his life was full of the true spirit of religion. Every age is known to have its predominant mode of spiritual effort best suited for the attainment of *moksha*. Whenever the religious spirit is on the decline, it is revived through such an effort in tune with the times. In this age, our degradation reveals itself through our political condition. Not taking a comprehensive view of things, we run away with the belief that, if but our political conditions improved, we would rise from this fallen state. This is only partially true. To be sure, we cannot rise again till our political condition changes for the better; but it is not true that we shall necessarily progress if our political condition undergoes a change, irrespective of the manner in which it is brought about. If the means employed are impure, the change will be not in the direction of progress but very likely the opposite. Only a change brought about in our political condition by pure means can lead to real progress. Gokhale not only perceived this right at the beginning of his public life but also followed the principle in action. Everyone had realized that popular awakening

could be brought about only through political activity. If such activity was spiritualized, it could show the path to *moksha*. He placed this great ideal before his Servants of India Society and before the whole nation. He firmly declared that, unless our political movement was informed with the spirit of religion, it would be barren.

*(From Gujarati)*

*FOREWORD TO VOLUME OF GOKHALE'S SPEECHES*

*(Gopal Krishna Gokhalenan Vyakhyano, Vol. I )*

## V

A STRANGE ANONYMOUS letter has been received by me, admiring me for having taken up a cause that was dearest to Lokamanya's heart, and telling me that his spirit was residing in me and that I must prove a worthy follower of his. The letter, moreover, admonishes me not to lose heart in the prosecution of the swaraj programme, and finishes off by accusing me of imposture in claiming to be politically a disciple of Gokhale. I wish correspondents will throw off the slavish habit of writing anonymously. We who are developing the swaraj spirit must cultivate the courage of fearlessly speaking out our mind. The subject-matter of the letter, however, being of public importance, demands a reply. I cannot claim the honour of being a follower of the late Lokamanya. I admire him like millions of his countrymen for his indomitable will, his vast learning, his love of country and, above all, the purity of his private life and great sacrifice. Of all the men of modern times, he captivated most the imagination of his people. He breathed into us the spirit of swaraj. No one perhaps realized the evil of the existing system of Government as Mr. Tilak did. And, in all humility,

I claim to deliver his message to the country as truly as the best of his disciples. But I am conscious that my method is not Mr. Tilak's method. And that is why I have still difficulty with some of the Maharashtra leaders. But I sincerely think that Mr. Tilak did not disbelieve in my method. I enjoyed the privilege of his confidence. And his last word to me in the presence of several friends was, just a fortnight before his death, that mine was an excellent method if the people could be persuaded to take to it. But he said he had doubts. I know no other method. I can only hope that, when the final test comes, the country will be proved to have assimilated the method of non-violent non-co-operation. Nor am I unaware of my other limitations. I lay no claim to scholarship. I have not his powers of organization, I have no compact disciplined party to lead, and having been an exile for twenty-three years, I cannot claim the experience that the Lokamanya had of India. Two things we had in common to the fullest measure—love of country and the steady pursuit of swaraj. I can, therefore, assure the anonymous writer that, yielding to none in my reverence for the memory of the deceased, I will march side by side with the foremost of the Lokamanya's disciples in the pursuit of swaraj. I know that the only offering acceptable to him is the quickest attainment of swaraj by India. That and nothing else can give his spirit peace.

Discipleship, however, is a sacred personal matter. I fell at Dadabhai's feet in 1888, but he seemed to be too far away from me. I could be as son to him, not disciple. A disciple is more than a son. Discipleship is a second birth. It is a voluntary surrender. In 1896 I met almost all the known leaders of India in connection with my South African mission. Justice Ranade awed me. I could hardly talk in his presence. Badruddin Tyabji fathered me, and asked me to be guided by Ranade and Pherozeshah. The latter became a patron. His will had to be law. "You must address a public meeting on the 26th September, and you must be



punctual." I obeyed. On the 25th evening I was to wait on him. I did.

"Have you written out your speech?" he inquired.

"No, sir."

"That won't do, young man. Can you write it out tonight? Munshi, you must go to Mr. Gandhi and receive the manuscript from him. It must be printed overnight and you must send me a copy." Turning to me, he added, "Gandhi, you must not write a long speech, you do not know Bombay audiences cannot stand long addresses." I bowed.

The lion of Bombay taught me to take orders. He did not make me his disciple. He did not even try.

I went thence to Poona. I was an utter stranger. My host first took me to Mr. Tilak. I met him surrounded by his companions. He listened, and said, "We must arrange a meeting for you. But perhaps you do not know that we have unfortunately two parties. You must give us a non-party man as chairman. Will you see Dr. Bhandarkar?" I consented and retired. I have no firm impression of Mr. Tilak, except to recall that he shook off my nervousness by his affectionate familiarity. I went thence, I think, to Gokhale, and then to Dr. Bhandarkar. The latter greeted me, as a teacher his pupil.

"You seem to be an earnest and enthusiastic young man. Many people do not come to see me at this the hottest part of the day. I never nowadays attend public meetings. But you have recited such a pathetic story that I must make an exception in your favour."

I worshipped the venerable doctor with his wise face. But I could not find for him a place on that little throne. It was still unoccupied. I had many heroes, but no king.

It was different with Gokhale, I cannot say why. I met him at his quarters on the college ground.<sup>1</sup> It was like meeting an old

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<sup>1</sup> Of Fergusson College, Poona

friend, or, better still, a mother after a long separation. His gentle face put me at ease in a moment. His minute inquiries about myself and my doings in South Africa at once enshrined him in my heart. And as I parted from him, I said to myself, "You are my man." And from that moment Gokhale never lost sight of me. In 1901 on my second return from South Africa, we came closer still.<sup>1</sup> He simply 'took me in hand', and began to fashion me. He was concerned about how I spoke, dressed, walked and ate. My mother was not more solicitous about me than Gokhale. There was, so far as I am aware, no reserve between us. It was really a case of love at first sight, and it stood the severest strain in 1913.<sup>2</sup> He seemed to me all I wanted as a political worker—pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion and chivalrous to a fault. It does not matter to me that he may not have been any of these things. It was enough for me that I could discover no fault in him to cavil at. He was and remains for me the most perfect man in the political field. Not, therefore, that we had no differences. We differed even in 1901 in our views on social customs, e.g., widow remarriage. We discovered differences in our estimate of Western civilization. He frankly differed from me in my extreme views on non-violence. But these differences mattered neither to him nor to me. Nothing could put us asunder. It were blasphemous to conjecture what would have happened if he were alive today. I know that I would have been working under him. I have made this confession because the anonymous letter hurt me when it accused me of imposture about my political discipleship. Had I been remiss in my acknowledgement to him who is now dumb? I thought I must declare my faithfulness to Gokhale, especially when I seemed to be living in a camp which the Indian world calls opposite.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 13-7-1921

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<sup>1</sup> Gandhiji stayed with Gokhale for about a month at the time of the Calcutta session of the Indian National Congress.

<sup>2</sup> This was when Gandhiji decided to launch passive resistance.

## 32. MR. A.O. HUME

BY THE LAST ENGLISH MAIL comes the news of the death of Mr. A.O. Hume<sup>1</sup>, who was known as the "Father of the Indian National Congress"... Real friends of India are so rare that we feel specially grateful to those who have taken pains to understand the peculiar and in many ways unfortunate position of India in the British Empire. Too often we find that retired Civil Servants of India are out of sympathy with the Indian people. This was not the case with the late Mr. Hume. He believed that it was not beneath his dignity to meet Indians on an equal footing. He worked side by side with the leaders of the people, encouraging them with his kindly sympathy and urging them on to higher and nobler things. We learn that, even though his strength failed him, his enthusiasm never flagged. The memory of such noble men renews again our drooping faith in the righteousness of the British people. We still hope and trust that England can produce men of the stamp of Mr. Hume—men who will stand up for justice, cost what it may. By the death of Mr. A.O. Hume, India has lost a true friend.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 31-8-1912

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<sup>1</sup> Allen Octavian Hume; one of Sir George Trevelyan's "Competition Wallahs"; was magistrate of Etawah during the Mutiny; became Secretary to the Government of India in 1870 and did commendable work organizing the Revenue, Agricultural and Commercial Departments; author of *Old Man's Hope*, *The Star in the East*, *The Rising Tide*, etc., the last one being on political activity in India.

### 33. MR. JOSEPH J. DOKE

MR. DOKE is no more ! The thought is terrible. He who was seen only the other day by a host of friends, when he set out on his journey to the North-western border of Rhodesia, close to the Congo border, full of hope and buoyancy, has gone to his reward. And he quitted this mortal frame without any of his relations by his side. Even his son Clement, who accompanied him, was sent home. But in a death like this is summed up Mr. Doke's life. He claimed no exclusive relationship with anybody. To him every human being was truly a friend and brother. He, therefore, died surrounded by newly-made friends. His life preached the gospel of work. He died in harness, doing his duty. His life preached love to his fellowmen. He died whilst finding further fields for his loving activity. And as he loved, so is his death today mourned by not only his European congregation, not only by Englishmen, but also by many of his Native, Chinese and Indian friends. In a place where even men of religion are not free from the local prejudice against colour, Mr. Doke was among the few who knew no distinction of race, colour or creed. Though dead, Mr. Doke lives through his work of love and charity in the hearts of all who had the privilege of coming in contact with him.

Mr. Doke's energy was inexhaustible. He was a man of many activities. In his own department—that of preaching—he was eloquent and earnest. He said nothing he did not mean. He advised no rules of conduct for which he was not himself prepared to die. His preaching, therefore, was effective. He was an able writer. He wrote a memoir of his own grandfather. He contributed to magazines. He wrote *An Indian Patriot in South Africa*—a popular history of the story of Indian passive resistance. Lord Ampthill wrote a very flattering introduction to it. To Mr. Doke it was purely a labour of love. He believed in the Indian cause and the book was one of the many ways in which he helped it. Only a short

time ago was published his book, *The Secret City*—a romance of the Karoo. It is a wonderful piece of imaginative work. The book has already passed through the second edition and has been translated into Dutch. He was so impressed with the Indian campaign of passive resistance that he was engaged in writing an elaborate treatise on passive resistance as a rule of conduct. For writing it, he had specially studied a number of books bearing on the subject.

He was an artist of no mean order. Some of his paintings are worth treasuring. His irrepressible humour can be traced in many cartoons he drew for a New Zealand paper.

Mr. Doke had a frail body but a mind of adamant. His jaws showed the determination of the owner. He feared no man because he feared God so. He believed in his own religion with a burning passion, but he respected all the other great faiths of the world. He detested lip Christianity, but he considered that final salvation was possible only through heart Christianity.

His special work for Indians during practically the whole of his stay in Johannesburg is too well known to the readers to need recapitulation here. But it is not known to many that he came to the Indian cause uninvited. He was ever a seeker, ever a friend to the weak and oppressed. As soon, therefore, as he came to Johannesburg, he set about finding out the problems that engaged people's attention. He found the Indian problem to be one of them, and immediately sought out the leaders, learnt the position from them, studied the other side of the question and, finding the Indian cause to be wholly just, allied himself to it with a rare zeal and devotion. He risked loss of popularity among his congregation. But that was no deterrent to him. When the Editor of this journal was in India, Mr. Doke's was the guiding hand, and never did a week pass during a period of nearly six months, but Mr. Doke sent his ably-written and well-informed leading articles. He guided, too, the deliberations of the British Indian Association, jointly with Mr.

Kallenbach, at a most critical period of its history. When he went to America in connection with his Church, a grateful community held a banquet in Mr. Doke's honour at which Mr. Hosken presided. Mr. Doke's words then uttered still ring in the ears of those who heard him. It may truly be said of Mr. Doke that he lived well and he died well. He is mourned by many more than the members of his family, and may that thought comfort and sustain them in a loss which is just as much that of those who had learnt to love Mr. Doke as of the members of his family.

The late Rev. Joseph J. Doke was born at Chudleigh, Devonshire, on the 5th November, 1861. He was the younger, by some two and a half years, of a family of two. His father was the Baptist Minister of Chudleigh. His brother, the late Mr. William H. Doke, died as a missionary at the end of 1882 on African soil.

The late Rev. Doke had very little schooling, owing to delicate health. At the age of 16 he lost his mother. At the age of 17, on the resignation of his father from the pastorate, he became pastor. At the age of 20 he came to South Africa, where he was in Cape Town for a short time. Later, he was sent by the South African Baptist Union to open up a new cause in Great Reinet. Here he met and married Miss Biggs in 1886. Shortly after, he returned to Chudleigh. From Chudleigh Mr. Doke was called to the pastorate of the City Road Baptist Church, Bristol, where, with the exception of a visit to Egypt, Palestine and India, he remained until 1894. In 1894, Mr. Doke removed with his family to New Zealand. Here he was Minister of the Oxford Terrace Baptist Church, Christchurch, for a period of seven and a half years, returning to England in 1902. In addition to the duties connected with his pastorate, Mr. Doke conducted a class for Chinese, which was greatly appreciated and which is still being continued by his successors.

Towards the end of 1903, Mr. Doke received a call to the Grahams town Baptist Church, and took up his work in South Africa again.

After four years in Grahamstown, he came to the Rand as Minister of the Central Baptist Church. He remained Minister of this Church until his death. All his life, more especially since the death of his brother, Mr. Doke's ambition was for missionary work, but owing to his health and family circumstances, the way was not clear, until, just at the end of his life, it seemed to open up. Together with his son, Clement, he decided to visit a lonely mission station in North-western Rhodesia close to the Congo border, and on the 2nd July they set out on this trip, which was to take about six weeks. Mr. Doke was also entrusted by the South African Baptist Mission Society to visit a mission station near Umtali, they taking advantage of his being in Rhodesia to secure particulars which they wanted. Mr. Doke enjoyed the trip to the 'Ndla District immensely, and maintained good health throughout. He suffered, however, from footsoreness—the distance to be traversed was some 350 miles—and he travelled most of the way by "machilla"—a hammock slung on a pole and carried by two natives—but despite this he was in the best of spirits and had the greatest hope for the success of his mission. Through an interpreter he spoke at numerous villages, and he did a great deal of writing and took many photographs with a view to lecturing on his return. On the 4th August, Broken Hill was reached, and on the 7th August, Mr. Doke parted from his son at Bulawayo, the latter being called home by business duties. Mr. Doke then proceeded to Umtali, after a few days' waiting at Bulawayo, reaching the end of his train journey on the morning of the 9th instant. Here the Rev. Woodhouse met him and the greater part of the day was spent in the discussion of missionary matters. In the afternoon the party proceeded to the residence of Mr. Webber—a friend—just outside the town, where, owing to Mr. Doke's feeling too unwell, they remained for the night. The next morning, Mr. Doke was up before sunrise, feeling very ill, and all thought of going to the mission station was abandoned, Mr. Doke complained of severe pains in

the back and had to take to his bed again. The usual remedies for fever were applied, but, as there seemed to be no temperature, it was concluded that the malady was not fever, and a doctor was sent for, who at once ordered him to the Umtali Hospital, whither he was conveyed by "machilla". Here he was under the best doctors and nursing supervision possible. On the 12th a telegram was sent to Mr. Doke's family, saying that he had a slight attack of pleurisy, by that there was nothing serious and no one was to come. On Friday evening, the 15th, a further telegram was received by Mrs. Doke saying that Mr. Doke was seriously ill with enteric. Mrs. Doke at once made preparations to leave by Saturday night's train, but on the morning of that day a telegram was received that Mr. Doke had passed away at 7 o'clock the previous evening. Owing to the great distance, the remains were not conveyed to Johannesburg, but the funeral took place at Umtali at four o'clock on Sunday last, a service being held at the Baptist Church, Johannesburg, at the same hour.

During his sojourn on the Rand, Mr. Doke was prominently connected with many religious organizations.

Besides the widow, the deceased has left three sons: Willy, Clement, and Comber, and one daughter, Olive. The eldest boy, Willy, is training in America as a medical missionary.

*INDIAN OPINION*, 23-8-1913



## 34. HAJI HUSSAIN DAWAD MAHOMED

IT IS WITH FULL deliberation that I say that the untimely death of Bhai Hussain has widowed the Indian community here. People may wonder whether it is not something of an exaggeration to say that a young man of 22, of whom most Indians had not even heard, whom not many had seen, who never made any big speeches and never sought to teach wisdom to people, has widowed the people by his death, but my answer will still be the same. The character which Bhai Hussain possessed I have seen in few youths or grown-up men. In South Africa, I can think of no grown-up man who can equal him, and I doubt if there is any among the many youths whom I know. If there is anyone who can surpass him, such a one is not known to me. Bhai Hussain had based his way of life on truth. He lived for truth. Bhai Hussain detested lying, deceit, cunning and hypocrisy. He felt extremely uncomfortable in the presence of deceit. Whenever he saw people lying, his head would ache and he felt like flying away from there, if only he had wings. The lies that go on in ordinary company were so disgusting to this youth that, many a time, he felt disinclined to stay on in Durban. Whenever he heard and believed that man was good, he was all admiration for him. So guileless was he. His heart was meek like a cow's. I never observed the slightest taint of sin in him. His innocence and his frankness were all his own. A budding rose has withered. But its fragrance remains. We can still enjoy deep draughts of it. He has left that fragrance with everyone who came in contact with him. Evil company had no effect on him. Once Mr. Dawad Mahomed wrote to Hussain, "My son, guard yourself against the temptations of life in England. Beware of evil company." I remember what Mr. Hussain wrote back in reply: "Father, you do not know your son. Evil company cannot taint Hussain. Your son is not likely to succumb to the temptations in England." That was the gist of his reply. It takes

a Hussain to write with such assurance. He was a *parasmani*<sup>1</sup>. Base metal—like iron—would turn into gold in contact with it. I request the readers not to think that I have exaggerated anything in what I have said. Along with these other virtues, the fire of patriotism always kept burning in his heart. Having never seen India, he had drawn a picture of her in his dreams. This youth was prepared to die for India and Indians. How Indians may prosper, how the sons of India may shine out was his constant concern. I believe he was a zealous Muslim, but he had not the slightest hatred of other religions. To him all Indians, Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Parsees, were the same. That they should be good was all that he wanted. Indians, for the simple reason that they were Indians, were like brothers to him. Who can think it an exaggeration to say that we have been widowed by the passing away of one so richly endowed?

Though Bhai Hussain was born in the house of a merchant prince like Mr. Dawad Mahomed, he had a distaste for business right from his childhood. A desire for education came upon him. His father put him under my charge in Phoenix. Forthwith, all the inmates of Phoenix feel in love with him. With his guileless nature, he soon spread the aroma of his presence all around. He became entirely one with my family, and I felt I had gained a fifth son. After he had stayed for a few months, he wrote to me: "I like Phoenix. I wish to spend my life here. But just now I wish to go to England. I have satisfied you that I am not likely to get corrupted there. It is my desire not to. Kindly give me your permission and secure my father's permission." He was not content with Phoenix. He desired to acquire a good education in letters. He wanted to utilize his gift for poetry. He copied the poem "A garden in spring, this world" and sent it to me. He had taught it to everyone in Phoenix. In copying the last verse, he

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<sup>1</sup> A precious jewel, famed to have the virtue of transmuting base metals into gold

changed, "Let Nazir<sup>1</sup> remember this" to "Let Hussain remember this." I asked him why. He told me that though the poem was not his, the thoughts it expressed were his too. His desire was to be a Nazir. The boy then went to England. He wanted to be a barrister. I did not fancy the idea. I reasoned with him. He told me, "That may be so for you, but not for me. For myself, let me be a barrister." "What will you do after that, my friend?" "You will see." "Do you want to practise and earn money?" His vehement answer, "Certainly not, Sir", still rings in my ears. "My only desire is to serve my country. Having made myself a lawyer and a well-informed man, I will stay in Phoenix and share the sufferings of my fellow-countrymen." Dawad Sheth sent Bhai Hussain to England. The moment he reached there, he started work on his studies. He worked on and on. There's a beautiful ground near London, where he would go and sit all alone and fall into a reverie. This is a state similar to *samadhi*. He would be engrossed in his favourite poems. He often showed me the poems he wrote sitting there. One or two of these I showed to persons<sup>2</sup> who were good judges of English poetry, and they told me that Hussain, indeed, showed promise of developing a gift for poetry. In a place like England, he preferred solitude. I do not remember that he ever fell a prey to a single one of the innumerable temptations in England.

But fell Time was stalking Bhai Hussain. Just when I was in England, he manifested symptoms of tuberculosis. I was alarmed. He was sent for a change of air. The best doctors there and a doctor in Paris too were consulted. But the disease had gone deep. Periods of progress were followed by relapses. Hussain's lustre began to fade. His spirit was gone. He felt miserable. The hope

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<sup>1</sup> Nazir Akbarabadi (1735-1830); Urdu poet and saint who showed catholicity and breadth of mind in his choice and handling of religious themes

<sup>2</sup> This was some time in July-November 1909, when Gandhiji was in England on a deputation.

for life was strong in him. Not, however, for the sake of pleasures. He wanted to live on only because he wanted to serve the country. He returned to South Africa. There were again signs of improvement. He toured in India, as on a pilgrimage. Writing from there, he said, "I have not come to see the places in India. I am looking into India's heart, which I came to see." Then he went on to holy Mecca. There he poured out his pure heart to God. The pilgrimage had a deep effect on his mind. In a letter that he wrote from there, he said, "How great must be the power of the Prophet for whose sake millions of people every year gather in this holy place? Who can doubt his being a Prophet? I feel extremely happy at heart that I came here." There, the Bulgarian war was on. Bhai Hussain soon became the adviser, guide and friend of his father and other companions. He won the hearts of the big officers there and created a fine impression about India and Indian Muslims. What must have made the people adore this child? I will say that it was the light of his truthfulness. The father and son then separated. Dawad Sheth returned to Durban. Bhai Hussain, however, wanted to complete his education in England. But God had willed otherwise. Suddenly Bhai Hussain started spitting blood. His health went down badly. Dawad Sheth received a cable. He resigned himself to his fate. He knew that Hussain would not come back unless he was seriously ill. That relapse proved to be the last. In Durban he was put to bed, where he remained, never to leave it. He was treated by the best of doctors. The father turned into a nurse. I have seen very few fathers attending on their sons as this one did. Hussain was to Dawad Sheth as the very pupil of his eye. He watched him day and night. Never did he leave his side even for an hour. But human effort is unavailing before fate. Fate always walks two paces ahead,<sup>1</sup> and strides on so fast, that one can never overtake it.

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<sup>1</sup>A Gujarati saying for: "Who can control his fate?"

Whenever I went to Durban, Congella became a place of pilgrimage to me. Once I saw tears in Hussain's eyes. I asked: "Is death so difficult to face, brother?" With a smile, Hussain replied, "I am not afraid of death." Then, crying, "But I have as yet done nothing whatever, I want ever so much to serve the country." I tried to console him, saying, "Bhai, you have done much indeed for the country. If India was to produce young men like you, her condition would change for the better this very day. Even if you die, to me you will always be alive. The body will perish, it has ceased to be of service. But the soul is immortal. Personally, I believe that you will come to possess a more splendid body and will be able to render better service to India." But this was no consolation to him. He could be sure, so to speak, of that alone which was already in his hand. He wanted to achieve more in this very life. Had he yet done anything to show the miraculous power of truth in him? How much could he do now? Hussain's funeral was attended as no other funeral in South Africa has ever been. In an instant, there were thousands of Indians on the spot. Muslims, Hindus, Christians, all attended in large numbers. No one had gone to persuade them. They went of their own accord on hearing of the death. Hussain proved in the hour of his death that the children of India, Hindus, Muslims and Christians, are all one people. On Tuesday, there were no distinctions. People big and small, Madrasis, Bombay-ites, Colonial-born Indians, all turned up to pay homage to the memory of a jewel of an Indian. Special trams emptied themselves in front of Mr. Dawad's bungalow. Indian shops remained closed for two hours, and the Indian Market, too, with the permission of the Corporation.

Thus, Bhai Hussain, following truth, showed the invincible power of truth in this cruel Iron Age. Hussain Mian is not dead; he will live in the fragrance of his character. My pen will never tire of writing praises of Hussain's virtues. Numerous examples of his purity keep haunting my mind. I hope the readers will understand

my purpose in this article. Let everyone be an Indian of the same stamp as Hussain. Let us all, young and old, emulate Bhai Hussain's conduct, no matter whether we are Hindus or Muslims. If we cherish his memory and follow in his footsteps, we shall cease to make distinctions among us. Let us hold on to truth and dedicate our all to the country's cause. Though Bhai Hussain was on his death-bed, when Rustomjee Sheth went to visit him before starting again on the 16th on a pilgrimage to gaol, he said, "Yes, uncle, you are going. If I could leave this bed, I too would go to gaol with you. How happy I would be to die in gaol for the sake of the country!" May India beget thousands of Hussains!

*INDIAN OPINION, 1-10-1913*

### 35. SIR PHEROZESHAH M. MEHTA

THE ENTRUSTING of this resolution to me has given me a welcome opportunity to express my sentiments about Sir Pherozeshah in public. He was the lion of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and I too have sometimes heard the roaring of this lion. Many were the battles he fought with Sir George Clarke<sup>1</sup>, Lord Harris<sup>2</sup>, successive Viceroys and many Governors in India. No wonder that the whole of India mourns the death of such a valiant leader.

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Sydenham, ex-Governor of Bombay

<sup>2</sup> Ex-Governor of Bombay and chairman of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa

But there is selfishness behind this expression of grief. If many more among us could live and die as he lived and died, we would in that case have nothing to grieve for. A little while ago, India was lamenting the death of the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale. Before these tears had dried, we have had another stunning blow. It would not be fair to compare these two great men. They did their best, each according to his lights. Mr. Gokhale was a selfless man and as such deserved the title of *rishi*. There are two epithets which describe Sir Pherozechah. In the first place, he was the Father of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and, in the second, he was the uncrowned king of Bombay, say rather, of the whole of India—a king chosen by the subjects themselves. He took the lead on every public issue and the people had come to have such confidence in him that they would do whatever he wanted them to do. That was because of the respect that people, not only of Bombay city but of the whole Presidency, had for his judgment. There was none to challenge his position in the Presidency. At a time when the people of India expect to win important political rights, no one is left, we may say, who could speak to the Government on our behalf. I have read somewhere that those who love their friends dearly love them all the more in their death; likewise, if we are overflowing with love at this moment, it is because of the great qualities of Sir Pherozechah. We may have crossed him often enough when he was alive, spoken well or ill of him; but, now that he has gone, we are not to look at his faults. It is but our duty that we should hold a condolence meeting on his death. We must not, however, stop with this.

It was Sir Pherozechah's desire that we, too, all of us, should render public service as he did and we shall have done our duty to him only if we render such service. His body, which was mortal, has perished but what he did will live on. His interest in public service was so keen that he would get his clients' cases adjourned or let go his fees, suffer all manner of inconvenience even to attend

meetings of the Bombay Municipal Corporation. He would sometimes not go to the Assembly; he considered the work of the Corporation of greater importance. He did not like being absorbed exclusively in political activities. It was his principle that whatever one took up, one must carry to success and he, therefore, gave his best attention to the work of the Bombay Corporation. There is no city in India in which a member has rendered such services in the field of municipal work as Sir Pherozeshah has done. The world has admired the services of Mr. Chamberlain<sup>1</sup> as President of Birmingham Municipality, but Sir Pherozeshah did, single-handed, work for Bombay which it would have taken four Chamberlains to do. The right memorial to Sir Pherozeshah would be for all municipalities to work in the manner he did. The daily political discussions in Sir Pherozeshah's office were unfailingly echoed immediately in the public at large, so important and influential were his views. He was more of an Indian than a Parsi and believed that the unity of India could be achieved only by turning the entire population into a single community. The discussions in his office were mainly concerned with how we could fight fearlessly for our rights. He had to suffer much while doing public service. He once gave me the best advice on this subject. I was insulted by an Englishman once and I was about to file a suit for damages against him. Sir Pherozeshah told me then that, if I wished to do any good to myself or the country, I should swallow the insult and that I should swallow similar insults in future as well. Indeed, I have had to swallow them on numerous occasions. I must admit that whatever capacity for work I possess I owe to this advice. If we pay tributes to him today, it is because of his good sense, his courage and faith...

*(From Gujarati)*

PRAJABANDHU, 21-11-1915

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<sup>1</sup>Joseph



## 36. DR. ANNIE BESANT

### I<sup>1</sup>

...IT WAS IN 1889 that I first paid my respects to Mrs. Besant when I was studying as a lad in London. I was privileged to do so by the courtesy of two English friends who were at the time ardent Theosophical students. She had only just joined the Theosophical Society there. Not much impression was created on my mind then. I really went not to have impressions but out of mere curiosity to see what this lady who was once an atheist looked like. My friends had told me that she was the best among the living women orators in the world, and that Madame Blavatsky was in great joy over this big "capture". But when, immediately after, I went to Queen's Hall, I went not to look at Mrs. Besant but to listen to her. And the words she uttered then as she rose to answer the charge of inconsistency have never faded from my memory. She said as she wound up her great speech which held her audience spell-bound that she would be quite satisfied to have the epitaph written on her tomb that she lived for truth and she died for truth. I had from my childhood an instinctive fascination for truth. The utter sincerity with which, I felt, she spoke these words captivated me and ever since I have followed her career with unabated interest and always with admiration for her boundless energy, her great organizing ability and her devotion to the work she might have made her own for the moment...

*C.W.M.G.* Vol. XVI, pp. 201-2

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<sup>1</sup>Message on her birthday, October 1, 1919; from a photostat of the handwritten draft with corrections in Gandhiji's hand.

## II

No one has popularised the idea of Home Rule for India with so much success as she. The best of us, much younger in age, are unable to approach her in her industry, zeal and organizing ability, all devoted to the service of India. She has developed the best part of her mature life to the service of India and she has deservedly attained to popularity in India, second perhaps only to that of Lokamanya Tilak.

(21-1-1920)

*Speeches and Writings of Mahatma Gandhi* (Natesan), p.1032

III<sup>1</sup>

... Dr. BESANT IS A world figure. It is no small gain to India that she has adopted Bharat Mata as her mother and dedicated all her matchless gifts to her services. At her time of life, when people should be entitled to complete rest from all toil, she, with amazing energy, is writing, making speeches, moving about, and hatching plans for India's deliverance. Her indomitable courage in the face of all odds, her great organizing power, her literary and oratorical gifts, and many other qualities that I could name are all treasures for us to prize and utilize. It was painful to me, therefore, to differ from her. It is an equal pleasure to me that we seem to be coming closer. May God give her long life and enable her to witness the establishment of swaraj, for which she and we are all striving, and for the achievement of which she is not to be surpassed by anybody in perseverance and ceaseless efforts.

*NEW INDIA*, 2-10-1924

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<sup>1</sup>This was read out at a meeting held at Sir Cowasji Jehangir Hall, Bombay, on October 1, under the auspices of the Bombay Provincial Congress, Swarajya Sabha and other public bodies, to celebrate the 78th birthday and the jubilee of her public life. M.A. Jinnah presided and Annie Besant was present.

## 37. LOKAMANYA BAL GANGADHAR TILAK

### I

LOKAMANYA BAL GANGADHAR TILAK is no more. It is difficult to believe of him as dead. He was so much part of the people. No man of our times had the hold on the masses that Mr. Tilak had. The devotion that he commanded from thousands of his countrymen was extraordinary. He was unquestionably the idol of his people. His word was law among thousands. A giant among men has fallen. The voice of the lion is hushed.

What was the reason for his hold upon his countrymen? I think the answer is simple. His patriotism was a passion with him. He knew no religion but love of his country. He was a born democrat. He believed in the rule of majority with an intensity that fairly frightened me. But that gave him his hold. He had an iron will which he used for his country. His life was an open book. His tastes were simple. His private life was spotlessly clean. He had dedicated his wonderful talents to his country. No man preached the gospel of swaraj with the consistency and the insistence of Lokamanya. His countrymen therefore implicitly believed in him. His courage never failed him. His optimism was irrepressible. He had hoped to see swaraj fully established during his life-time. If he failed, it was not his fault. He certainly brought it nearer by many a year. It is for us, who remain behind, to put forth redoubled efforts to make it a reality in the shortest possible time.

Lokamanya was an implacable foe of the bureaucracy, but this is not to say that he was a hater of Englishmen or English rule. I warn Englishmen against making the mistake of thinking that he was their enemy.

I had the privilege of listening to an impromptu, learned discourse by him, at the time of the last Calcutta Congress, on Hindi being the national language. He had just returned from the Congress pandal. It was a treat to listen to his calm discourse on Hindi. In

the course of his address he paid a glowing tribute to the English for their care of the vernaculars. His English visit, in spite of his sad experience of English juries, made him a staunch believer in British democracy and he even seriously made the amazing suggestion that India should instruct it on the Punjab through the cinematograph. I relate this incident not because I share his belief (for I do not), but in order to show that he entertained no hatred for Englishmen. But he could not and would not put up with an inferior status for India in the Empire.<sup>1</sup> He wanted immediate equality which he believed was his country's birthright. And in his struggle for India's freedom he did not spare the Government. In the battle for freedom he gave no quarter and asked for none. I hope that Englishmen will recognize the worth of the man whom India has adored.

For us, he will go down to the generations yet unborn as a maker of modern India. They will revere his memory as of a man who lived for them and died for them. It is blasphemy to talk of such a man as dead. The permanent essence of him abides with us for ever. Let us erect for the only Lokamanya of India an imperishable monument by weaving into our own lives his bravery, his simplicity, his wonderful industry and his love of his country. May God grant his soul peace.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 4-8-1920

## II

THE LOKAMANYA was in a class by himself. The country has proved that the title which the people gave to Tilak Maharaj was a hundred thousand times more precious than any that could be conferred by a king. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole of Bombay turned out on that Sunday to give him a final farewell.

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<sup>1</sup>The source here has: "of India and the Empire".

The scenes I witnessed during his last days on earth are unforgettable. People's profound love for him was beyond description.

In France it is the practice to say: "The King is dead; long live the King." That idea spread to Britain and other countries and, whenever a king dies, they proclaim: "The King is dead; long live the King." It means much in substance that the King never dies and the State machine never stops even for a second.

In quite the same way, the mammoth meeting in Bombay has shown that Tilak Maharaj can never die, is not dead, that he is living and will live for ever. His relatives, indeed, may have been stricken with grief and their eyes may have dropped pearls, but the villagers from the Ghats who went out with their musical instruments did by no means go weeping and lamenting. They had gathered to celebrate a festival. Their musical instruments and their *bhajans* reminded the people that Tilak Maharaj was not dead. The place resounded with loud cries of "Tilak Maharaj ki jai" and the very idea that his body was to be cremated was quite forgotten. The people thus came to the right conclusion and proved that the doctors' bulletins were wrong.

I had felt some uneasiness on Saturday night when I heard the news but, on hearing the cry of *jai* the feeling disappeared and I, too, felt that Tilak Maharaj was still alive. The transient body has perished, but his immortal soul is enthroned for ever in the hearts of millions.

An English writer has said that even two bosom friends, while they live, are separated in body. They may even feel that they are different from each other. If they are real friends, the one who dies first breaks down the barriers. He lives in the body of the friend who survives and is not dead to him. In the same way, Tilak Maharaj lives today in the bodies of millions. On Saturday, in particular, he was alive in his own body.

No leader of the people has had such a glorious death in modern times. Dadabhai passed away and so did Gokhale and Pheroze-

shah. Thousands had followed them on their last journey but, with Tilak, the very limit was reached. He was followed by a whole people. On Sunday, Bombay was not itself.

What miracle, this! There is nothing like a miracle in this world, or, better still, the world itself is a great miracle. The rule that there is no effect without a cause has no exception. The Lokamanya's love for India knew no bounds and, therefore, the people's love for him was equally boundless. No one else has chanted the *mantra* of swaraj as continually as he did. While others sincerely believed that India would presently be fit for swaraj, he believed equally sincerely that India was already fit and ready for it. This conviction won him the love of the people. But he was not satisfied merely with believing this: he spent his whole life acting on this conviction and that fired the people with a new spirit. He infected them with his impatience for swaraj and, as the infection was caught, more and more people were drawn towards him.

He never gave up chanting this *mantra* of swaraj through all the dangers he had to face and all the suffering he had to bear. He thus emerged successful from this difficult test as well and as a result, the people put all the greater trust in him and his word became law to them.

Such a great life never ends with the passing away of the body. It really begins then.

A friend has written to me saying that something special ought to be done for Tilak Maharaj and asking for my advice in the matter. He wonders if a three-day hartal would not be the right thing. I elaborate here the suggestion I have made in my reply to him.

The right way of expressing our veneration for a man is to emulate his good qualities. I would, therefore, prefer some constructive work to a hartal. It is certainly necessary to observe a hartal, keep a fast and do similar things on that day, but the "specialness" lies in emulating his virtues. He was a man of extreme simplicity; so in memory of him we should take to simplicity ourselves and give

up using certain things to the point of being put to discomfort. He was a man of courage; let us be brave likewise, and do only that which our conscience approves and never swerve from our aim. He was a thoughtful man; we, too, must learn to think before we speak or act. He was a learned man and had a wonderful command over his mother tongue and Sanskrit; let us take pains to be scholars like him. Let us give up using a foreign language in the conduct of our affairs, be proficient in our mother tongues and learn to express all our thoughts in them. Let us study Sanskrit and discover the beauties of spiritual wisdom which lie hidden in our Shastras. He was a lover of swadeshi; we also should understand the meaning of swadeshi and adopt swadeshi in practice. He had unbounded love for the country; let us, too, cultivate the same love for it in our hearts and, to the best of our ability, be daily more devoted to national service. This is the right way to venerate him. . .

We are mourning the passing away of such a veteran among patriots. There is no denying that it would have been all to our gain if he had continued to live in the body in which we knew him. But a man such as he was continues to serve the country and lead it, whether or not he lives in the body. A man, who had thought out his plan of action and followed it for forty-five years, who wore out his body in the service of the nation, is never forgotten after his death, he never dies. Let us, then, tell ourselves that the Lokamanya, even in his death, has taught us the secret of living.

*(From Gujarati)*

NAVAJIVAN, 8-8-1920

### 38. YADWARKAR PATWARDHAN

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

I AM REMINDED of these memorable lines of Gray's elegy when I think of a dear friend and co-worker who died on the 4th instant at Nagpur, unwept by any but his closest relations and friends. Yadwarkar Patwardhan of Amraoti was unknown to fame, but was no less devoted a servant of the nation than many who work in the lime-light of public gaze and command the plaudits of overgenerous and often even unthinking crowds. Patwardhan was a graduate in law of Bombay University but never practised the profession. I had the privilege of first knowing him in 1915. He was constantly at the Ashram. I was struck by the beauty of his character, his simplicity, his self-effacingness, his utter humility, his constancy and his devotion to the work entrusted to him. He laboured for *Young India* for over a year without any honorarium as Sub-Editor. He attended the Congress<sup>1</sup> and was preparing to go to Sholapur and work there for non-co-operation. But God had willed otherwise. He was ailing for some time; but we had all hoped that he would soon recover. He had a sudden relapse however during the Congress week and never left his bed. He died with the last verses of the second chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita* on his lips. Thus die many a Hampden, the real dumb makers of a nation. I knew Patwardhan to be 'a gem of purest ray serene'. His friends knew his worth. May God grant peace to the noble soul!

YOUNG INDIA, 12-1-1921

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<sup>1</sup>The 35th session of the Congress held at Nagpur in December 1920



### 39. MRS. RAMABAI RANADE

THE DEATH of Ramabai Ranade<sup>1</sup> is a great national loss. She was the embodiment of all that a Hindu widow could be. She was a true friend and help-mate to her illustrious husband in his life-time. After his death she chose as her life-work one of her husband's activities. Mr. Ranade was a reformer and deeply interested in the uplift of Indian womanhood. Ramabai therefore threw herself heart and soul into the Sevasadan. She concentrated her whole energy upon it. The result is that the Sevasadan has become an institution without a second of its kind throughout all India. It educates nearly one thousand girls and women. Col. Maddock told me that it was his hospital that turned out the best and the largest number of Indian nurses. All these sisters belong to the Sevasadan. No doubt, Ramabai had in Mr. Devdhar<sup>2</sup> a worker of tireless energy and great capacity for detail. But it only enhances Ramabai's merit that she had capable and devoted co-workers. The Sevasadan will always remain a living monument to her sacred memory. I tender my humble sympathy to the deceased sister's family and her many children of the Sevasadan.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 8-5-1924

### 40. P. K. NAIDU

WE IN INDIA know nothing of our South African heroes. They are unknown to fame like

'Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.'

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<sup>1</sup>(1862-1924); wife of Mahadev Govind Ranade

<sup>2</sup>G.K. Devdhar, a member, later president of the Servants of India Society

I have just received a cable from Johannesburg announcing the death of P.K. Naidu from pneumonia. He was one of the truest of Indians and the stoutest of hearts. He suffered the hardships of a prison-life many times. His wife followed suit. He was ready for all work. He got ready on an hour's notice to take charge of a party of deportees who were banished by General Smuts to India. He counted no cost too dear for the sake of his country's freedom. His death at the present moment, for our countrymen in South Africa, is a tremendous loss. He was capable single-handed of hurling defiance against the mighty South African Government. Indeed only a few weeks ago I had a letter from him describing his plan of campaign. Alas ! Cruel Nature had planned otherwise. Naidu is dead: his work will live for ever. Mr. P.K. Naidu was a fair English scholar. He knew Hindi, Telugu, French and Zulu. He was self-taught. He had a powerful build. He was no mean pugilist. But he had learnt the secret of non-violence. He was therefore able to control himself under the gravest provocation. He was a born toiler. He never refused any work. He was an expert barber, and, because he would not become a clerk, he had chosen to be a barber and carried on a hair-cutting saloon. When, at Tolstoy Farm, we took to sandal-making, he became a finished sandal-maker. He was a true soldier. He knew how to obey. I tender my humble condolences to Mrs. Naidu and our countrymen in South Africa.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 25-9-1924

## 41. PARSI RUSTOMJEE

### I

A CABLE received from Durban from his son gives me the sad news of the death of Rustomjee Jiwanjee Ghorkhodoo. For me it is a personal loss. He was a valued client, dear friend and faithful co-worker. He was as true a Parsi as he was a true Indian. He was an equally true man. He was an orthodox Parsi, but his Zoroastrianism was as broad as humanity itself. He befriended all without distinction. He could act pleasingly towards officials, but he could be unbending when the occasion demanded it. His word was as good as his bond. He was brave as a lion. He was chary of making promises, but if he made them he strove his best to keep them. After he declared himself as a satyagrahi, he never swerved even during the darkest hours of the movement, not even when the end seemed never to be coming. When he took the pledge, he was by no means a young man. Nor was he untrammelled by business preoccupations. But he never counted the cost. He suffered losses without a murmur. He gave almost beyond his means and yet never unthinkingly. His charities were most catholic. He gave donations for mosques, madrasas, national schools. Many a young man owed his rise to Parsi Rustomjee, as he was called throughout South Africa. Personally I owe much to him. I have many friends in South Africa. But I have not known a warmer one. He harboured me when I was lynched. His house was a place of refuge for me and mine. People wonder why I am partial to Parsis. I am not partial but I am thankful that I can bear testimony to their admirable virtues. So long as the memory of Parsi Rustomjee persists with me, so long will that portion of humanity claim my respectful admiration. If we had many Rustomjees in our public life, we should not be long in reaching our cherished goal....

## II

I FIRST made the acquaintance of this good Indian in 1893. At first I was not greatly impressed by him. However, as I got more and more involved in public work, I learnt more and more to value the gemlike qualities in Parsi Rustomjee. He was my client, my colleague in public work and finally he became my friend. He did not hesitate to come to me and describe his faults like a child. He astounded me by his faith in me. When the whites attacked me in 1897, Rustomjee's house sheltered me and my sons. The whites had threatened to burn down his house and property. That threat, however, did not deter him in the least. He continued the relationship thus built up in Africa till the time of his death. He continued to send money here too for public work. He was to have come here in December at the time of the Congress session. God, however, willed otherwise. Sheth Rustomjee's death is a great loss to the Indians in South Africa. Sorabjee Adajania passed away, after that Ahmed Mahomed Kachalia died, some time back P.K. Naidu, and now Parsi Rustomjee has departed. There are hardly any Indian workers of their calibre left in South Africa now. As God is the friend of the helpless, He will look after the Indians in South Africa. But the void created by Parsi Rustomjee's death will never be filled.

*(From Gujarati)*

NAVAJIVAN, 30-11-1924

## 42. BI-AMMA

It is difficult to think of Bi-Amma as dead. Who does not know the stately figure of Bi-Amma or her voice at public gatherings? Though old in years she possessed the energy of youth. She travelled ceaselessly in the cause of the Khilafat and swaraj. A staunch follower of Islam, she realized that the cause of Islam, in so far as it depended on human effort, depended upon the freedom of India. She realised with equal conviction that freedom of India was impossible without Hindu-Muslim unity and Khaddar. She therefore ceaselessly preached unity which had become an article of faith with her. She had discarded all her foreign and mill-made clothing and taken to Khaddar. Maulana Mahomed Ali tells me she had enjoined upon him that on her death she should have nothing but Khaddar. Whenever I had the privilege of going to her bed-side, her enquiry was about swaraj and unity. The enquiry was invariably followed by the prayer that God might grant wisdom to Hindus and Mussalmans to understand the necessity of unity and that He may in His mercy let her live to see swaraj established. The best way in which we can treasure the memory of this brave and noble soul is to imitate her in her zeal for the common cause. Hinduism without unity and swaraj is as much in peril as Islam. Would that Hindus and Mussalmans had the common sense of Bi-Amma to appreciate this elementary fact! May God grant her soul peace and the Ali Brothers strength to continue the mission bequeathed to them! I must not omit to mention the impressive and solemn scene that I had the good fortune to witness on the night of Bi-Amma's death. Having heard that life was ebbing away in her, Sarojini Devi and I hurried to her bedside. She was surrounded by many members of the family. Dr. Ansari, the friend and physician of the family, was also in attendance. I heard no sobbing, though I noticed tears trickling down Maulana Mahomed Ali's cheeks. The Big Brother restrained himself with difficulty, though there was an unusual

solemnity about his face. They were all chanting the name of Allah. One friend was reciting the last prayer. The *Comrade* Press was situated within earshot of Bi-Amma's bedroom. But the work was not interrupted for a single moment. Nor did the Maulana interrupt his own editorial duties. Indeed no essential public duty was suspended. Maulana Shaukat Ali would not dream of my postponing my visit to the Ramjas College. And like a good soldier he kept the appointment he had made with the Hindus of Muzaffarnagar although he had to proceed there almost immediately after Bi-Amma's death. All this was as it should have been. Birth and death are not two different states, but they are different aspects of the same state. There is as little reason to deplore the one as there is to be pleased over the other.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 20-11-1924

### 43. SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

THE STORY of Ramakrishna Paramahansa's life is a story of religion in practice.<sup>1</sup> His life enables us to see God face to face. No one can read the story of his life without being convinced that God alone is real and that all else is an illusion. Ramakrishna was a living embodiment of godliness. His sayings are not those of a mere learned man but they are pages from the Book of Life. They are revelations of his own experiences. They, therefore, leave on the reader an impression which he cannot resist. In this age of scepticism Ramakrishna presents an example of a bright

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<sup>1</sup> Foreword to *Life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahansa*, December 12, 1924

and living faith which gives solace to thousands of men and women who would otherwise have remained without spiritual light. Rama-krishna's life was an object-lesson in ahimsa. His love knew no limits, geographical or otherwise. May his divine love be an inspiration to all...

#### 44. SIR SURENDRANATH BANERJEA

THE DEATH of Sir Surendranath Banerjea removes from Indian political life one who has left upon it the deep impress of his own personality. What though with new ideals and new hopes within recent times he receded into the background? Our present is the result of our past. Ideals and aspirations of the present day would have been impossible without the invaluable work done by pioneers like Sir Surendra. Time was when the student world idolized him, when his advice was considered indispensable in all national deliberations, and his eloquence held audiences spell-bound. It is impossible to recall the stirring events of the partition days in Bengal and not to think with gratitude and pride of Sir Surendranath's matchless services in connection with it. It was then that Sir Surendranath justly earned from his grateful countrymen the title of "Surrender-not". During the blackest period of the time of partition, Sir Surendranath never wavered, never lost hope. He threw himself into the agitation, with all his might. His enthusiasm infected the whole of Bengal. His determination to unsettle the 'settled fact' was unshaken. He gave us the necessary training in courage and resolution. He taught us not to fear authority. His work in the Education Department was no less valuable than in the political. Through the Ripon College

thousands of young men came under his direct influence and received their liberal education. His regular habits gave him health, vigour, and, what may be called for India, a long life. He retained his mental faculties unimpaired up to the last moment. It required a courage of no small order to resume in his seventy-seventh year the editorship of his paper the *Bengalee*. Indeed, he was so confident of his mental vigour and physical capacity, that he said to me, when I had the privilege of meeting him at Barrackpore two months ago, that he expected to live till 91 years, after which he would not wish to live as he would not retain his mental vigour long thereafter. But Fates had decided otherwise. They snatched him away from us without notice. For nobody had expected so sudden a death. Up to the early hours of the morning of Thursday the 6th instant, he betrayed no sign of dissolution. But though he is no longer with us in the body, his services to the country will never be forgotten. He will ever be remembered as one of the makers of modern India.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 13-8-1925

## 45. DESHBANDHU CHITTARANJAN DAS

### I

CALCUTTA DEMONSTRATED yesterday the hold Deshbandhu had on Bengal, nay, India. Calcutta is, like Bombay, cosmopolitan. It has people from all the provinces. And all these people were as hearty participators in the procession as the Bengalis. The wires



that are pouring in from every part of India emphasize the fact of his all-India popularity.

It could not well be otherwise among a people known for their gratefulness. And he deserved it all. His sacrifice was great. His generosity had no bounds. His loving hand was opened out to all. He was reckless in his charities. And only the other day, when I gently remarked that he might have been discriminate, prompt came the reply, "I do not think I have lost by my indiscriminations." His board was free to the prince and the pauper. His heart went out to everyone in distress. Where is the young man in all Bengal who does not owe a debt of gratitude to Deshbandhu in some shape or other? His unrivalled legal talents were also at the disposal of the poor. I understand that he defended many, if not all, political prisoners without charging them a pie. He went to the Punjab inquiry and paid his own expenses. He carried a princely household in those days. I had it from him that he spent during that stay in the Punjab Rs. 50,000. This large-heartedness towards all who sought his help made him the undisputed ruler of thousands of young hearts.

He was as fearless as he was generous. His stormy speeches at Amritsar took my breath away. He wanted immediate deliverance for his country. He would not brook the alteration or removal of an adjective—not because he was unreasonable but because he loved his country so well, only too well. He gave his life for it. He controlled enormous forces. He brought power to his party by his indomitable zeal and perseverance. But this tremendous outpouring of energy cost him his life. It was a willing sacrifice. It was noble.

Faridpur was his crowning triumph. That utterance of his is a demonstration of his supreme reasonableness and statesmanship. It was a deliberate, unequivocal and, for him (as he said to me) final acceptance of non-violence as the only policy and, therefore, political creed for India.

In constructing together with Pandit Motilal Nehru and the dis-

ciplined stalwarts from Maharashtra the great and growing Swaraj Party out of nothing, he showed his determination, originality, resourcefulness and contempt of consequences after he had once made up his mind that the thing to be done was right. And today the Swaraj Party is a compact, well-disciplined organization. My differences about the Council-entry were and are fundamental, but I never doubted the usefulness of Council-entry for the purpose of embarrassment and continuously putting the Government in the wrong. No one can deny the greatness of the work done by the Party in the Councils. And the credit for it must predominantly belong to Deshbandhu. I entered into the pact with him with my eyes open. I have since done my little best to help the Party. His death renders it doubly my duty to stand by the Party, now that the leader is gone. I shall do nothing to impede its progress where I may not be able to help.

But I must hark back to the Faridpur speech. The nation will appreciate the courtesy of the acting Viceroy in sending a message of condolence to Shrimati Basanti Devi Das. I note with gratefulness the warm tributes paid by the Anglo-Indian Press to the memory of the deceased. The Faridpur speech seems to have impressed most Englishmen with its transparent sincerity. I am anxious that this death should not end with a mere display of courtesy. The Faridpur speech had a great purpose behind it. It was a generous response to the Anglo-Indian friends who were anxious for the great patriot to make his position clear and make the first approach. He made it. The cruel hand of death has removed the author of the gesture from our midst. But I would like to assure Englishmen who may be still doubtful about the sincerity of Deshbandhu's motive that, throughout my stay in Darjeeling, the one thing that struck me most forcibly was his utter sincerity about that utterance. Can this glorious death be utilized to heal wounds and forget distrust? I make a simple suggestion. Will the Government, in honour of the memory of Chittaranjan Das, who is no longer with us to plead

the cause, release the political prisoners who he protested were innocent? I am not now asking for their discharge on the ground of innocence. The Government may have the best proof of their guilt. I simply ask for their discharge as a tribute to the deceased and without prejudice. If the Government mean to do anything to placate Indian opinion, there can be no more opportune time and no better inauguration of a favourable atmosphere than the release of these prisoners. I have travelled practically all over Bengal. Public feeling, not all necessarily Swarajist, is sore on the point. May the fire that burnt yesterday the perishable part of Deshbandhu also burn the perishable distrust, suspicion and fear. The Government may then call a conference, if they will, to consider the best means of meeting the Indian demand whatever it may be.

But we will have to do our part, if the Government are to do theirs. We must be able to show that we are no one-man show. In the words of Mr. Winston Churchill, uttered at the time of the War, we must be able to say: 'Business as usual.' The Swaraj Party must be immediately reconstructed. Even the Punjab Hindus and Mussalmans appear to have forgotten their quarrels in the face of this "bolt from the blue." Can both parties feel strong and sensible enough to close the ranks? Deshbandhu was a believer in and lover of Hindu-Muslim unity. He held the Hindus and Mussalmans together under circumstances the most trying. Can the funeral fire purge us of our disunion? But perhaps the prelude to it is a meeting of all the parties on a common platform. Deshbandhu was anxious for it. He could be bitter in speaking of his opponents. But, during my stay in Darjeeling, I don't remember a harsh word having escaped his lips about a single political opponent. He wanted me to help all I could to bring all parties together. It is then for us, educated Indians, to give effect to the vision of Deshbandhu and realize the one ambition of his life by immediately rising a few steps in the ladder of Swaraj, even if we may not rise to the top just yet.

Then may we all cry from the bottom of our hearts: 'Deshbandhu is dead, Long live Deshbandhu.'

*YOUNG INDIA*, 25-6-1925

## II

A GIANT among men has fallen. Bengal is like a widow today. A critic of the Deshbandhu remarked to me some weeks ago, "I find fault with him, it is true, but I must candidly confess to you that we have absolutely no one to replace him." When I related the anecdote at the meeting at Khulna where I first heard the stunning news, Acharya Ray exclaimed, "It is but too true. If I could tell who can take Rabindranath's place as a poet, I could tell you who can take Deshbandhu's as a leader. There is no man in Bengal even anywhere near Deshbandhu." He was a hero of a hundred battles. He was generous to a fault. Though he earned lacs of rupees from his practice, he never permitted himself to be rich. And even gave up the mansion he had.

I came to know him personally for the first time in 1919 in connection with the Punjab Congress Inquiry Committee. I approached our meeting with suspicion and awe. I had heard from a distance of his roaring practice and his still more roaring eloquence. He had come with his motor car and with his wife and family and was living like a prince. My first experience was none too happy. We had met to consider the question of leading evidence before the Hunter Inquiry. I found in him all the legal subtleties and a lawyer's keen desire to 'floor' witnesses by cross-examination and to expose the many wickednesses of the Martial Law administration. My own purpose was to do something different. I reasoned. The second interview put me at rest and dispelled all my fears. He was all reasonableness and gave a willing ear to all I said. It was my first intimate contact with so many public men in India. We knew

one another from a distance. I had taken practically no part in Congress affairs. They merely knew me as a South African warrior. But all my colleagues at once made me feel at home with them, none more so than this illustrious servant of India. I was supposed to be the Chairman of the Committee. "I shall say my say on points wherein we may differ, but I give you my assurance that I shall yield to your judgment." We had come near enough, before this assurance was volunteered, to embolden me to discover my previous suspicions to him. So, when he gave the assurance, I felt proud of a comrade so loyal but at the same time I felt a little humiliated; because I knew that I was a mere novice in Indian politics and hardly entitled to such implicit trust. But discipline knows no rank. A king who knows its value submits to his page in matters where he appoints him as the sole judge. I occupied a place analogous to that of the page. And I record it with grateful pride that, among all the loyal colleagues I had the privilege of being associated with, none was more loyal than Chittaranjan Das.

At the Amritsar Congress, I could no longer claim the rights of discipline. There we were warriors, each holding in trust the welfare of the nation according to his ability. Here there was to be no yielding but to pure reason or party exigencies. It was a perfect treat for me to put up my first fight on a Congress platform. All courteous, all equally unyielding; the great Malaviyaji trying to hold the balance evenly, now pleading with one and now with the other. The President of the Congress, Pandit Motilalji, thought the game was all over. I had a rare time between Lokamanya and Deshbandhu. They had a common formula for the Reforms resolution. Each party wanted to convince the other. But there was no conviction. There was a stalemate and a tragedy behind, as many thought. The Ali Brothers whom I knew and loved, but did not know as I do now, pleaded with me for Deshbandhu's resolution. "You must not undo," said Mahomed Ali with his persuasive humility, "the great work you have done in the inquiry." But I

was unconvinced. Jairamdas, that cool-headed Sindhi, came to the rescue. He passed me a slip containing his suggestion and pleading for a compromise. I hardly knew him. Something in his eyes and face captivated me. I read the suggestion. It was good. I passed it on to Deshbandhu. "Yes, if my party will accept it," was his reply. Mark the loyalty again! He must placate his party—one secret of his wonderful hold on his people. It passed muster. Lokamanya with his eagle eyes was watching what was transpiring. Pandit Malaviyaji's Gangetic stream was pouring from the rostrum—his one eye looking towards the dais, where we manikins were deciding a nation's fate. Lokamanya said, "I don't want to see it, if Das has approved, it is good enough for me." Malaviyaji overheard it, snatched the paper from my hands and, amid deafening cheers, announced that a compromise had been arrived at. I have given a detailed description of the incident because it epitomizes the reasons of Deshbandhu's greatness and unquestioned leadership, firmness in action, reasonableness in judgment and loyalty to party.

I must pass on. We come to Juhu, Ahmedabad, Delhi and Darjeeling. At Juhu he and Motilalji came to convert me. They had become twins. We had different view points. But they could not brook any difference with me. Could they do so, they would go fifty miles if I wanted them to go only twenty-five. But they would not surrender an inch even to the dearest friend where the country's interest was at stake. We had a kind of compromise. We were unsatisfied, but not in despair. We were out to conquer one another. We met at Ahmedabad. Deshbandhu was in his element, watching everything as a tactician would. He gave me a splendid defeat.<sup>1</sup> How many such defeats I would not have at the hands of friends like him now, alas, no more in body. Let no one consider that we had become enemies because of the Saha resolu-

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<sup>1</sup>The reference is to the A.I.C.C. meeting which was held in Ahmedabad from June 27 to 30, 1924.

tion. We believed each other to be in the wrong. But it was a difference between lovers. Let faithful husbands and wives recall scenes of their sacred differences and in their differences giving themselves pain in order to heighten the pleasure of a re-union. Such was our condition. So we must meet again at Delhi, the polished Pandit with his terrible jaws, the docile Das in spite of the exterior which, to a passing onlooker, might appear rough. The skeleton of the pact was made and approved there. It was an indissoluble bond which one party has now sealed with death.

I must postpone Darjeeling for the time being. He used often to claim spirituality and used to say that he had no differences with me in religion. But though he never said it, he probably implied that I was too unpoetic to see the fundamental identity of our belief. I own that he was right. He demonstrated during these precious five days in every act of his that he was deeply religious. That he was not merely great, but he was good and growing in goodness. But I must reserve a description of the precious experiences of those five days for a later day. I felt forlorn when cruel fate snatched away Lokamanya from us. I have not yet got over the shock, for I am yet wooing his dearly beloved disciples. But Deshbandhu's withdrawal leaves me in a worse plight. For, when Lokamanya left us, the country was full of hopes. Hindus and Mussalmans appeared to be united for ever. We were on the eve of battle. Now?

*YOUNG INDIA*, 25-6-1925

### III

...DESHBANDHU WAS as kind as he was noble. I realized this fully in Darjeeling.<sup>1</sup> He talked about religion, about the things which had impressed him most. He was very keen on having direct spiritual experience. "Whatever may be true about other countries,

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<sup>1</sup>Where Gandhiji stayed with C.R. Das from June 3 to June 6, 1925.

in this country only the path of non-violence can save us. I will show the young men of Bengal that we can win swaraj by non-violent means." "If we are good, we can make the British good." "In this atmosphere of darkness and hypocrisy, I can see no way except that of truth. Nor do we need any other." "I wish to bring together all the parties. The only obstacle is the timidity of our people. In trying to bring them together, we run the risk of becoming timid ourselves." "You should try to bring all of them together, meet—<sup>1</sup>, see the editor of—<sup>2</sup> and ask him what he gains by abusing the Swaraj Party in your presence. He may point out to me any error or wrong I may have been guilty of. If I do not satisfy him, then he may abuse me to his heart's content." "I am daily growing more convinced about your spinning-wheel. If my shoulder did not ache and if I were not such a bad pupil in spinning, I would have learnt it sooner. Once I have learnt it, I would not find it boring to do it every day. But I am bored when I try to learn it. See how the thread snaps again and again." "But how can you say that? Is there anything you will not do for swaraj?" "That is true of course. It is not that I refuse to learn. Only, I point out to you my difficulties. Ask Basanti Devi how bad I am at such things." Basanti Devi agreed: "That is true. If he wants to open his box, I have to come to turn the key." I said: "That is your cleverness. In this way you have made him helpless, so that he will have always to flatter you and be dependent on you." The room was filled with laughter. Deshbandhu intervened: "You may examine me after a month. I shall not be drawing ropes then." "All right," I said, "Satish Babu will even send a teacher for you. If you pass [the test], take it that swaraj is at hand." There are so many pleasant incidents like this that, if I tried to describe all of them, I should never end.

There are some memories which I simply cannot narrate.

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<sup>1</sup> and <sup>2</sup> Names omitted in the source



I would be ungrateful if I did not try to give some description of the love I had been receiving [at Darjeeling]. He took personal interest in the smallest matters. He would himself order dry fruits from Calcutta. As it would be difficult to secure goats or goats' milk in Darjeeling, he had got five from the plains and kept them where he was staying. He would not let me manage without any of the things to which I was used. There was only a wall between our two rooms. Every morning, he would wait for me as soon as he was free. He would be in bed, for he could not leave it. He knew my manner of sitting cross-legged, and so would not let me sit on the chair, but would make me sit on his bed facing him. He would get some more mattresses spread and also have cushions placed for me. I could not help joking: "This scene reminds me of a day forty years ago when I got married, the bride and I sat like this on a plank. All that remains is holding each other's hands." I had hardly finished this when the whole house rang with Desh-bandhu's laughter. Whenever he laughed, the sound of his laughter could be heard from a great distance...

*(From Gujarati)*

NAVAJIVAN, 28-6-1925

## 46. SUSHIL RUDRA

I WOULD ask the reader to share my grief over the death of an esteemed friend and silent public servant. I mean Principal Sushil Rudra who died on Tuesday, 30th June. India whose chief disease is her political servitude recognizes only those who are fighting publicly to remove it by giving battle to a bureaucracy that has pro-

tected itself with a treble line of entrenchment— army and navy, money and diplomacy. She naturally does not know her selfless and self-effacing workers in other walks of life, no less useful than the purely political. Such a humble worker was Sushil Rudra, late Principal of St. Stephen's College. He was a first-class educationist. As Principal, he had made himself universally popular. There was a kind of spiritual bond between him and his pupils. Though he was a Christian, he had room in his bosom for Hinduism and Islam which he regarded with great veneration. His was not an exclusive Christianity that condemned to perdition everyone who did not believe in Jesus Christ as the only saviour of the world. Jealous of the reputation of his own, he was tolerant towards the other faiths. He was a keen and careful student of politics. Of his sympathies with the so-called extremists, if he made no parade, he never made any secret either. Ever since my return home in 1915, I had been his guest whenever I had occasion to go to Delhi. It was plain sailing enough so long as I had not declared Satyagraha in respect of the Rowlatt Act. He had many English friends in the higher circles. He belonged to a purely English Mission. He was the first Indian Principal chosen in his college. I, therefore, felt that his intimate association with me and his giving me shelter under his roof might compromise him and expose his college to unnecessary risk. I, therefore, offered to seek shelter elsewhere. His reply was characteristic: 'My religion is deeper than people may imagine. Some of my opinions are vital parts of my being. They are formed after deep and prolonged prayers. They are known to my English friends. I cannot possibly be misunderstood by keeping you under my roof as an honoured friend and guest. And if ever I have to make a choice between losing what influence I may have among Englishmen and losing you, I know what I would choose. You cannot leave me.' 'But what about all kinds of friends who come to see me? Surely, you must not let your house become a caravanserai when I am in Delhi,' I said. 'To tell you the truth,' he replied,

'I like it all. I like the friends who come to see you. It gives me pleasure to think that in keeping you with me, I am doing some little service to my country.' The reader may not be aware that my open letter to the Viceroy giving concrete shape to the Khilafat claim was conceived and drafted under Principal Rudra's roof. He and Charlie Andrews were my revisionists. Non-co-operation was conceived and hatched under his hospitable roof. He was a silent but deeply interested spectator at the private conference that took place between the Maulanas, other Musalman friends and myself. Religious motive was the foundation for all his acts. There was, therefore, no fear of temporal power, though the same motive also enabled him to value the existence and the use and the friendship of temporal power. He exemplified in his life the truth that religious perception gives one a correct sense of proportion resulting in a beautiful harmony between action and belief. Principal Rudra drew to himself as fine characters as one could possibly wish for. Not many people know that we owe C. F. Andrews to Principal Rudra. They were twins. Their relationship was a study in ideal friendship. Principal Rudra leaves behind him two sons and a daughter all grown up and settled in life. They know their grief is shared by the numerous friends and admirers of their noble-hearted father.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 9-7-1925

## 47. DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE

IT IS DIFFICULT to believe that Dwijendranath Tagore is no more. A wire from Shantiniketan gives me the sad news that Borodada known as Dwijendranath Tagore has found his rest. He was near-

ing 90 and yet he was so bright, so cheerful that one could never feel whilst in his presence that his days of earthly existence were numbered. Borodada was a distinguished member in that family of geniuses. Besides being a great scholar—as familiar with Sanskrit as he was with English—Borodada was a deeply religious man of broad sympathies. Whilst he held tenaciously to the teachings of the *Upanishads*, he was open to receive light from all the other scriptures of the world. He loved his country with the passion of a most devoted patriot. Yet his patriotism was not exclusive. He understood the spiritual beauty of non-violent non-co-operation, though he never failed to appreciate its political significance. He believed in the spinning-wheel with a full heart and had adopted khaddar even at his ripe age. He kept himself in closest touch with the current events with the ardour of a youth. Borodada's death means the withdrawal of a great sage, philosopher and patriot from our midst. I tender my condolences to the Poet and the members of the Ashram at Shantiniketan.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 21-1-1926

## 48. UMAR SOBHANI

THE UNEXPECTED and premature death of Umar Sobhani removes from our midst a patriot and worker of the front rank. There was a time when Mr. Umar Sobhani's word was law in Bombay. There was not a public popular movement in Bombay in which, before misfortune overtook him, Umar Sobhani was not the man behind the scene. He was no speaker. He detested public speaking. He never appeared on the stage. He was the stage manager. His

popularity among fellow merchants was very great. His judgment was as a rule sound and quick. He was generous to a fault. He distributed the charities among both the deserving and undeserving. There was hardly a popular movement that did not receive largely from his ample purse. He spent as he earned. Umar Sobhani was extreme in everything. His extremism in speculation proved his economic ruin. He doubled his wealth in a month and he became a pauper the next month. He stood his losses bravely, but his proud nature would not permit him to do public work when he lost his million. He would not accept the middle rank. He would retire if he could not top the donation lists. And so he disappeared from public life as soon as he became a poor man. Whenever and wherever there is mention of public workers and public work, it would be impossible not to think of Umar Sobhani and his patriotic services. His life is at once an inspiration and a warning to rich young men. His zealous work as a patriot is an inspiration. His life shows us that possession of riches is not inconsistent with that of abilities and their dedication to public service. It is a warning to rich young men who would be reckless in ambition. Umar Sobhani was no stupid speculator. Many lost when he lost. There is perhaps nothing to be said against his great cotton purchases which brought him down. But why did he speculate at all? He was already a prince among merchants. As a patriot, it was his duty to restrain his ambition. His life and his name were a trust for the public. And there was need for him to be extra cautious. I know the maxim *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*. I know also that what I am saying is all wisdom after the event. But I do not criticize to find fault. I do so to profit by the lesson that this patriot's life teaches us. And wisdom after the event is a legitimate virtue for posterity to treasure. We must learn even from one another's errors. We should all be as Umar Sobhani in burning love for the country, in giving well and much for it, if we have riches, in knowing no communal bias or distinction and we must also, if we will, learn to

avoid his recklessness and thus deserve the heritage he has bequeathed to us.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 15-7-1926

## 49. SWAMI SHRADDHANAND

THE EXPECTED has happened. Swami Shraddhanandji passed a day or two at the Satyagraha Ashram at Sabarmati, now about six months ago, and told me, in the course of his conversations, that he often received letters threatening his life. Where is the reformer who has not a price put upon his head? There was, therefore, nothing untoward in his getting the letters. And there is nothing untoward in the assassination having taken place.

Swamiji was a reformer, he was a man of action, not of words. His was a living belief. He has suffered for it. He was bravery personified. He never quailed before danger. He was a warrior, and a warrior lives to die, not on a sick-bed but on the battlefield.

Shraddhanandji became seriously ill about a month ago. Dr. Ansari was, as his physician, giving him all the loving attention he was capable of giving. The telegram I received from his son, Indra, in reply to my inquiry at the beginning of the month, was that he was better and that he wanted my love and prayer, both of which he had before the asking.

God had willed for him a martyr's death and so, though he was still on the sick-bed, he died at the hands of an assassin who had asked to be admitted to the Swamiji's presence for the purpose of holding a religious discourse on Islam, who was admitted at the Swamiji's instance, and who, under pretence of wanting water

to quench his thirst, had Swamiji's faithful servant, Dharamsingh, sent out to fetch water, and who, in the absence of the servant, deposited two death wounds in the patient's breast, as he was lying in his bed. We have not the last words of Swamiji, but if I knew him at all, I have no doubt that he prayed to his God to forgive him who knew not that he was doing anything wrong. In the language of the *Gita*, 'happy the warrior who achieves such a blessed death'.

Death is at any time blessed, but it is twice blessed for a warrior who dies for his cause, that is, truth. Death is no fiend, he is the truest friend. He delivers us from agony. He helps us against ourselves. He ever gives us new chances, new hopes. He is like sleep, a sweet restorer. Yet it is customary to mourn when a friend dies. The custom has no operation when the death is that of a martyr. I cannot mourn over this death. He and his are to be envied. For though Shraddhanandji is dead, he is yet living. He is living in a truer sense than when he moved about in our midst in his giant body. The family in which he was born, the nation to which he belonged are to be congratulated upon so glorious a death as this. He lived a hero. He has died a hero....

*YOUNG INDIA*, 30-12-1926

## II

MY FIRST acquaintance with Swamiji was when he was Mahatma Munshiram and that by letter. He was then Governor of Kangdi Gurukul, his great original contribution to education. He was not satisfied with the orthodox Western method. He wanted his boys to be saturated with Vedic teaching, and he taught through Hindi, not English. He wanted them to be and remain *brahma-charis* during their training. He had inspired his boys to contribute to the fund that was then being collected for the Satyagrahis

of South Africa. And he wanted them to do so by themselves abouring as coolies for hire; for was it not a coolies' fight in South Africa? The boys rose to the occasion, earned full wages and sent them to me. The letter he wrote to me about this incident was written in Hindi. I was addressed as 'my dear brother'. It endeared me to Mahatma Munshiram; we had never met each other before.

Andrews was the link between us. He was anxious that whenever I returned home, I should make the acquaintance of what I used to call his trinity—the Poet, Principal Rudra and Mahatma Munshiram.

From the time of the receipt of that letter, we became brothers in arms. We met each other in 1915 at his favourite Gurukul and with each meeting we came closer and knew each other better. His love of ancient India, Sanskrit and Hindi was remarkable. He was undoubtedly a non-co-operator before non-co-operation was born. He was impatient to gain Swaraj. He hated untouchability and was anxious to raise the status of the 'untouchables'. He could not brook any restriction upon their freedom.

When the Rowlatt agitation was started, he was among the very first to hail it. He wrote a very warm letter to me. But the suspension of Satyagraha after the Amritsar and Viramgam tragedies he could not understand. From that period our differences commenced but they never once disturbed the brotherly relations that subsisted between us. The differences showed to me his child-like nature. He blurted out the truth as he knew it without regard to consequences. He was daring to a fault. I observed more and more the temperamental differences between us as time progressed but they only proved to me the goodness of the soul in him. To think audibly is no crime, it is a virtue. It is the hallmark of truth. Swamiji thought audibly.

The Bardoli decision broke his heart. He despaired of me. His open protest was most energetic. His private letters to me



were still more so but with the emphasis on the differences there was an equal emphasis on love. He was not satisfied with an avowal of love in mere letters. He sought me out as opportunity offered and explained his own position, tried to understand mine. But the real reason, as it seems to me, for seeking me out was to assure me, as if any such assurance was necessary, of undiminished love for me as for a younger brother.

My remarks about the Arya Samaj and its great author and my references to him hurt him deeply; but our friendship was strong enough to bear the strain. He could not understand that it was possible to reconcile my general estimate of the Maharshi with the quality of forgiveness that he had in a boundless measure for personal injury. His devotion to the Maharshi was too great to brook any criticism of him or his teachings.

He has been severely criticized and maligned in the Musalman press for his Shuddhi movement. I myself could not accept his standpoint. I do not accept it even now. But in my opinion he had a complete defence of his own position from his own standpoint. Shuddhi is entitled to the same toleration that is claimed for Tabligh so long as either remains within moral and legitimate bounds. But this is not the occasion for entering into an examination of that highly controversial question. Both the Tabligh and the Shuddhi which is a reply to the former have to undergo a radical change. Progress of liberal study of religions of the world is bound to revolutionize the existing clumsy method of proselytizing which looks to the form rather than the substance. It is the transference of allegiance from one fold to another and the mutual decrying of rival faiths which gives rise to mutual hatred.

Swamiji's assassination can be turned to good account by us if we both Hindus and Musalmans could possibly realize the deeper meaning of Shuddhi.

I cannot close the reminiscences of the life of a great reformer without recalling his last visit to the Satyagraha Ashram only a

few months ago. Let me assure my Musalman friends that he was no hater of Musalmans. He undoubtedly distrusted many Musalmans. But he bore them no ill-will. He thought that Hindus were cowed down and he wanted them to be brave and be able to defend themselves and their honour. In this connection he told me that he was much misunderstood and that he was absolutely innocent of many things that were said against him. He told me he had several threatening letters. He was warned by friends not to travel alone. But this man of faith said, 'What protection shall I seek but of God? Not a blade of grass perishes without His will. I know therefore that nothing can happen to me so long as He wishes me to serve through this body...'

*YOUNG INDIA*, 6-1-1927

### III

...SWAMIJI WAS HERO among heroes, the bravest of the brave. He had astonished the nation with an unbroken record of bravery. I am witness of the pledge he had taken to sacrifice himself at the altar of the country.

But need anyone speak at length on the Swamiji's services to the nation? Swamiji, as everyone knew, was the help of the helpless, the friend of the weak and the oppressed and the work he had done for the untouchables was unsurpassed. I well remember his having told me once that unless every Hindu member of the All-India Congress Committee had an untouchable servant in his home, the work of the Congress for the uplift of the untouchables would not be complete. This may sound as an impracticable proposal, but it shows his unbounded love for the untouchables....

*YOUNG INDIA*, 13-1-1927

## 50. FLORENCE WINTERBOTTOM

IN INDIA, with the exception of a few who came in personal touch with that good Englishwoman, no one knew anything of Miss Florence Winterbottom, who, a friendly message from England tells me, has just died. She was among the rare men and women who find service its own reward, and she belonged to that class amongst the English who seek out and befriend forlorn causes in the teeth of odium, ridicule and opposition. She was a leading light of the Ethical Movement and was for some time president of the Union of Ethical Societies. She was Secretary of the Emerson Club. I had the privilege of coming in touch with her when I went to England in charge of the first South African Indian Deputation in 1906. I knew nothing of her, but by reading in the papers about the doings of the Deputation in out-of-the-way corners of the leading dailies of London, she sought us out, she offered me a platform, she studied the question and in a variety of ways helped the cause that at that time had only a few chosen friends in England. She became from that time one of the most constant and painstaking supporters of the cause in South Africa. No one who came in contact with her failed to recognize in her fearlessness, honesty for the sake of honesty not merely as the best policy, and a capacity to take an exceptionally detached view of all things. Though intensely English, she was equally intensely international. Her patriotism never took the shape of justifying everything English whether good, bad or indifferent. When people tell me that non-violence is of no effect so far as English people are concerned, I renew my faith in non-violence and in English nature, or better still human nature, by thinking of instances like those of Miss Florence Winterbottom. May her soul rest in peace!

## 51. HAKIM AJMALKHAN

IN THE DEATH of Hakim Saheb Ajmalkhan the country has lost one of its truest servants. Hakim Saheb's was a many-sided personality. He was not merely an able physician who practised his art as much for the rich as for the poor. But he was a courtier-patriot. Though he passed his time among potentates, he was a thorough-going democrat. He was a great Musalman and equally great Indian. He loved equally Hindus and Musalmans and was in turn equally respected and loved by both. Hindu-Muslim unity was the breath of his nostrils. His later days were soured because of our dissensions. But he never lost faith in his country or his people. He felt that both the communities were bound in the end to unite. Having that unchangeable faith, he never ceased to work for unity. Though he took time, he finally threw in his lot with the non-co-operators and did not hesitate to put in peril his fondest and greatest creation, the Tibbia College. He loved this College with a passion which only those who knew him well could realize. In Hakimji I have lost not merely a wise and steadfast co-worker, I have lost a friend on whom I could rely in the hour of need. He was my constant guide in the matter of Hindu-Muslim unity. His judgment, sobriety, and knowledge of human nature enabled him for the most part to give correct decisions. Such a man never dies. Though he is no longer in the flesh with us, his spirit shall be ever with us and calls us even now to a faithful discharge of our duty. And no memorial that we can raise to perpetuate his memory can be complete until we have achieved real Hindu-Muslim unity. May God grant that we may learn to do through his death what we failed to do in his life-time.

But Hakimji was no idle dreamer. He believed in realizing his dream. As he realized his dream about medicine through the Tibbia College, so he sought partially to realize his political dream through the Jamia Milia. When this national university

was almost on the point of dying, he, almost single-handed, carried out the plan of removing the institution from Aligadh to Delhi. But the removal meant more worry for him. He believed himself thenceforward to be specially responsible for the financial stability of the College. He was the principal man to find support for it either from his own pocket or by way of contributions collected from personal friends. The immediate and indispensable memorial that the nation can raise is to put the financial condition of the Jamia on a stable basis. Both Hindus and Musalmans are and should be equally interested in it. It is one of the four national universities still struggling for existence, the other three being the Bihar, Kashi and Gujarat Vidyapiths. When the Jamia was brought into being, Hindus subscribed liberally to it. The national ideal has been kept intact in this Muslim institution...

There can be no doubt that it is the duty of those Hindus and Musalmans who wish to honour the memory of Hakim Sahib, who believe in the constructive side of non-co-operation and who believe in Hindu-Muslim unity, to give as much financial assistance as is possible for them to give...

*YOUNG INDIA*, 5-1-1928

## 52. MAGANLAL K. GANDHI

HE WHOM I had singled out as heir to my all is no more. Maganlal K. Gandhi, a grandson of an uncle of mine, had been with me in my work since 1904. Maganlal's father has given all his boys to the cause. The deceased went early this month to Bengal with Sheth Jamnalalji and others, contracted a high fever whilst he was

on duty in Bihar and died under the protecting care of Vrajkishore Prasad in Patna after an illness of nine days and after receiving all the devoted nursing that love and skill could give.

Maganlal Gandhi went with me to South Africa in 1903 in the hope of making a bit of a fortune. But hardly had he been store-keeping for one year, when he responded to my sudden call to self-imposed poverty, joined the Phoenix settlement and never once faltered or failed after so joining me. If he had not dedicated himself to the country's service, his undoubted abilities and indefatigable industry would have made him a merchant prince. Put in a printing press, he easily and quickly mastered the secrets of the art of printing. Though he had never before handled a tool or a machine, he found himself at home in the engine-room, the machine-room, and at the compositor's desk. He was equally at ease with the Gujarati editing of the *Indian Opinion*. Since the Phoenix scheme included domestic farming, he became a good farmer. His was, I think, the best garden at the settlement. It may be of interest to note that the very first issue of *Young India* published in Ahmedabad bears the marks of his labours when they were much needed.

He had a sturdy constitution which he wore away in advancing the cause to which he had dedicated himself. He closely studied and followed my spiritual career and when I presented to my co-workers *brahmacharya* as a rule of life even for married men in search of Truth, he was the first to perceive the beauty and the necessity of the practice, and though it cost him to my knowledge a terrific struggle, he carried it through to success, taking his wife along with him by patient argument instead of imposing his views on her.

When Satyagraha was born, he was in the forefront. He gave me the expression which I was striving to find to give its full meaning to what the South African struggle stood for, and which for want of a better term I allowed to be recognized by the very insufficient and even misleading term 'passive resistance'. I wish I had the

very beautiful letter he then wrote to me giving his reasons for suggesting the name सदाग्रह which I changed to सत्याग्रह. He argued out the whole philosophy of the struggle step by step and brought the reader irresistibly to his chosen name. The letter I remember was incredibly short and to the point as all his communications always were.

During the struggle he was never weary of work, shirked no task and by his intrepidity he infected every one around him with courage and hope. When everyone went to gaol, when at Phoenix courting imprisonment was like a prize to be won, at my instance, he stayed back in order to shoulder a much heavier task. He sent his wife to join the women's party.

On our return to India, it was he again who made it possible to found the Ashram in the austere manner in which it was founded. There he was called to a newer and more difficult task. He proved equal to it. Untouchability was a very severe trial for him. Just for one brief moment his heart seemed to give way. But it was only for a second. He saw that love had no bounds and that it was necessary to live down the ways of 'untouchables', if only because the so-called higher castes were responsible for them.

The mechanical department of the Ashram was not a continuation of the Phoenix activity. Here we had to learn weaving, spinning, carding, and ginning. Again I turned to Maganlal. Though the conception was mine, his were the hands to reduce it to execution. He learnt weaving and all the other processes that cotton had to go through before it became Khadi. He was a born mechanic.

When dairying was introduced in the Ashram he threw himself with zeal in the work, studied dairy literature, named every cow and became friends with every cattle on the settlement.

And when tannery was added, he was undaunted and had proposed to learn the principles of tanning as soon as he got a little breathing time. Apart from his scholastic training in the High School at Rajkot, he learnt the many things he knew so well in the

school of hard experience. He gathered knowledge from village carpenters, village weavers, farmers, shepherds and such ordinary folk.

He was the Director of the Technical Department of the Spinners' Association and during the recent floods in Gujarat, Vallabhbhai put him in charge of building the new township, Vithalpur.

He was an exemplary father. He trained his children—one boy and two girls, all unmarried still—so as to make them fit for dedication to the country. His son Keshu is showing very great ability in mechanical engineering all of which he has picked up like his father from seeing ordinary carpenters and smiths at work. His eldest daughter Radha, eighteen years old recently, shouldered a difficult and delicate mission to Bihar in the interest of woman's freedom. Indeed he had a good grasp of what national education should be and often engaged the teachers in earnest and critical discussion over it.

Let not the reader imagine that he knew nothing of politics. He did, but he chose the path of silent, selfless constructive service.

He was my hands, my feet and my eyes. The world knows so little of how much my so-called greatness depends upon the incessant toil and drudgery of silent, devoted, able and pure workers, men as well as women. And among them all Maganlal was to me the greatest, the best and the purest.

As I am penning these lines, I hear the sobs of the widow bewailing the death of her dear husband. Little does she realize that I am more widowed than she. And but for a living faith in God, I should become a raving maniac for the loss of one who was dearer to me than my own sons, who never once deceived me or failed me, who was a personification of industry, who was the watch-dog of the Ashram in all its aspects—material, moral and spiritual. His life is an inspiration for me, a standing demonstration of the efficacy and the supremacy of the moral law. In his own life he proved visibly for me not for a few days, not for a few months,



very beautiful letter he then wrote to me giving his reasons for suggesting the name सदाग्रह which I changed to सत्याग्रह. He argued out the whole philosophy of the struggle step by step and brought the reader irresistibly to his chosen name. The letter I remember was incredibly short and to the point as all his communications always were.

During the struggle he was never weary of work, shirked no task and by his intrepidity he infected every one around him with courage and hope. When everyone went to gaol, when at Phoenix courting imprisonment was like a prize to be won, at my instance, he stayed back in order to shoulder a much heavier task. He sent his wife to join the women's party.

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Though he is not in our midst in the flesh, he is in our midst in the spirit. Let that noble spirit guide the workers of Orissa, let his death result in a larger dedication to service, greater effort, greater self-effacement and greater unity among the scattered workers who are too few for the national requirements.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 21-6-1928

## 54. LALA LAJPATRAI

LALA LAJPATRAI is dead. Long live Lalaji! Men like Lalaji cannot die so long as the sun shines in the Indian sky. Lalaji means an institution. From his youth he made of his country's service a religion. And his patriotism was no narrow creed. He loved his country because he loved the world. His nationalism was international. Hence his hold on the European mind. He claimed a large circle of friends in Europe and America. They loved him because they knew him.

His activities were multifarious. He was an ardent social and religious reformer. Like many of us he became a politician because his zeal for social and religious reform demanded participation in politics. He observed at an early stage of his public career that much reform of the type he wanted was not possible until the country was freed from foreign domination. It appeared to him, as to most of us, as a poison corrupting every department of life. It is impossible to think of a single public movement in which Lalaji was not to be found. His love of service was insatiable. He founded educational institutions; he befriended the suppressed classes; poverty wherever found claimed his attention. He sur-

rounded young men with extraordinary affection. No young man appealed to him in vain for help. In the political field he was indispensable. He was fearless in the expression of his views. He suffered for it when suffering had not become customary or fashionable. His life was an open book. His extreme frankness often embarrassed his friends, if it also confounded his critics. But he was incorrigible.

With all deference to my Musalman friends, I assert that he was no enemy of Islam. His desire to strengthen and purify Hinduism must not be confounded with hatred of Musalmans or Islam. He was sincerely desirous of promoting and achieving Hindu-Muslim unity. He wanted not Hindu Raj but he passionately wanted Indian Raj; he wanted all who called themselves Indians to have absolute equality. I wish that Lalaji's death would teach us to trust one another. And we could easily do this if we could but shed fear.

There will be, as there must be, a demand for a national memorial. In my humble opinion no memorial can be complete without a definite determination to achieve the freedom for which he lived and died so nobly. Let us recall what has after all proved to be his last will. He has bequeathed to the younger generation the task of vindicating India's freedom and honour. Will they prove worthy of the trust he reposed in them? Shall we the older survivors—men and women—deserve to have had Lalaji as a countryman by making a fresh, united, supreme effort to realize the dream of a long line of patriots in which Lalaji was so distinguished a member?

Nor may we forget the Servants of People Society which he founded for the promotion of his many activities all designed for the advancement of the country. His ambition in respect of the Society was very high. He wanted a number of young men all over India to join together in a common cause and work with one will. The Society is an infant not many years old. He had hardly

time enough to consolidate this great work of his. It is a national trust requiring the nation's care and attention.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 22-11-1928

## II

... I HAD THE PRIVILEGE of enjoying his confidence upto the end of his life. As you know, he was President of the special and historic session of the National Congress in the year 1920. But to me and to you today, the one outstanding quality of Lala Lajpatrai that should make a special appeal was his war against untouchability. It may safely be said that before Hindu India woke up to its sense of duty to the so-called untouchables, the Harijans, Lala Lajpatrai declared in unmistakable terms, in the emphatic language that he always commanded, that untouchability was an unmixed evil and the greatest blot on Hinduism. Even if Lalaji had done nothing else in his life-time, we Hindus would have revered his sacred memory for the war that he declared against untouchability. But who can deny his all-India services? Who can deny his bravery and his fearlessness? It was not an idle epithet given by Punjabis to Lala Lajpatrai when they called him the "Lion of Punjab".

*HARIJAN*, 5-1-1934

## III

WHEN POLITICS so called are forgotten, when many of her transitory things which absorb public attention are also forgotten, Lalaji's great love for Harijans and his equally great services born of that love will be remembered, not only by the millions of Harijans, but by the many more millions of caste-Hindus—indeed by the whole of India. Lalaji was a great humanitarian, and his humanitarianism covered the whole of humanity. Each succeeding anniversary should make Lalaji live more truly in our lives than the previous. Death for reformers like Lala Lajpatrai is mere dissolution of the body. Their work and their ideas do not die with the body.

Their power grows with time. We feel it more, as with the march of time it is seen outside of its setting in the weak flesh. The impermanent in man dies with him. The permanent part of him triumphs over the ashes and appears clearer to us for their removal. Let us cherish Lalaji's memory in that light and let Harijan-Hindus and caste-Hindus make a fresh resolve in Lalaji's memory to cleanse society of the curse of untouchability—the former by ridding themselves of defects arising out of their suppression, and the latter by shedding the sin of the feeling of superiority, which belief in total untouchability implies.

*HARIJAN*, 16-11-1934

## 55. MAZHAR-UL-HAQ

MAZHAR-UL-HAQ WAS A GREAT patriot, a good Musalman and a philosopher. Fond of ease and luxury, when non-co-operation came he threw them off as we throw superfluous scales off the skin. He grew as fond of the ascetic life as he was of princely life. Growing weary of our dissensions, he lived in retirement, doing such unseen services as he could, and praying for the best. He was fearless both in speech and action. The Sadakat Ashram near Patna is a fruit of his constructive labours. Though he did not live in it for long as he had intended, his conception of the Ashram made it possible for the Bihar Vidyapith to find a permanent habitation. It may yet prove a cement to bind the two communities together. Such a man would be missed at all times, he will be the more missed at this juncture in the history of the country...

*YOUNG INDIA*, 9-1-1930

## 56. PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

PANDIT MOTILALJI'S DEATH means to me more even than to the brave widow whose sorrow it is my privilege during these days to share. I take the blow as an additional test of my faith in God's greatness and goodness. Panditji has died a true warrior's death. It is therefore well with him. He lives more amply and more truly by dying. I pray to God that He may endow me with greater consecration to the service of the cause for which alone life is worth living in these days of purification through sacrifice and suffering. . . .

*YOUNG INDIA*, 19-2-1931

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IT IS NO EXAGGERATION to say that our relations were as intimate as between blood brothers. His burning patriotism, his great sacrifice and his unsurpassable love for his children, whom also he gave to the service of the Motherland, ought to be as patent to you as they were to me. I had the good fortune to be in the closest touch with him ever since I first knew him up to the moment of his death; and I could see that every moment of his life his thoughts were given to the nation he served so singularly. To him Swaraj was no distant dream; it was his very life-breath. His hankering after freedom grew in intensity from day to day. . . . No lip homage paid to a patriot you admire will be of any use to you, if you do not mean to imitate the virtues that made him great. . . . Remember, too, that he was above all distinctions of high and low. He never gave a place to untouchability in his long and varied life. He had the heart of a prince. He knew how to earn as well as to give away.

*HARIJAN*, 22-12-1933

## 57. MAULANA MAHOMED ALI

I WAS PRIVILEGED to offer my tribute to the memory of Maulana Mahomed Ali by sending from Yeravda a cable message to Maulana Shaukat Ali. But I cannot resume the editorship of *Young India* without publicly declaring that in him I have lost one whom I rejoiced to call brother and friend and the nation has lost a fearless patriot. We had differences of opinion between us, but love that cannot stand the strain of differences is like "a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal".

*YOUNG INDIA*, 19-2-1931

## 58. GANESH SHANKAR VIDYARTHI

THE DEATH OF Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi was one to be envied by us all. His blood is the cement that will ultimately bind the two communities. No pact will bind our hearts. But heroism such as Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi showed is bound in the end to melt the stoniest hearts, melt them into one. The poison has however gone so deep that the blood even of a man so great, so self-sacrificing and so utterly brave as Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi may today not be enough to wash us of it. Let this noble example stimulate us all to similar effort should the occasion arise again. I tender to the bereaved widow and her children not my condolences but congratulations on having deserved Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi. He is not dead. He lives today far more truly than when we saw him in the body and knew him not.

*YOUNG INDIA*, 9-4-1931

## 59. DR. ANSARI

...HE (DR. ANSARI) WAS essentially a symbol of Hindu-Muslim unity with Hakim Saheb Ajmal Khan. Dr. Ansari never wavered in his faith even when it was put to a severe test. He was an orthodox Musalman proud of his descent from the helpers of the Prophet when the latter was most in need of help. His very staunchness and his intimate knowledge of Islam made Dr. Ansari a believer in Hindu-Muslim unity. It is no exaggeration to say that he had at least as many Hindu as he had Musalman friends. He was one of the ablest physicians in all India. His advice was freely available to the poor of all races. And what he earned from the princes and rich men, he spent with both hands among his many needy friends. No beggar approached him without emptying whatever his pocket contained, and he never counted what he gave. He was a tower of strength to hundreds of men and women who swore by him. I have no doubt that he has left many literally weeping for the personal loss they have sustained. He has left a wife who is a philosopher though invalid. She is too brave and too much of a believer to shed a tear over her loss. But the many whom I have in mind are no philosophers. Their faith in God is vapoury, their faith in Dr. Ansari was living. It was no fault of theirs that their faith in God was weak as with most of us. They had many proofs of the Doctor's friendship when they thought God had forsaken them. They little knew that even the great Doctor could only help them so long as his Maker allowed him. Would that what he could not accomplish while he was alive would be accomplished by his death!



## 60. MARY CHESLEY

MISS MARY CHESLEY, AN Englishwoman, came to India in 1934 when the Congress was in session in Bombay. As soon as she landed she came to my hut in the Congress Camp and told me she knew Mirabehn and had expected to come with her but somehow or other she had preceded her by a week or thereabouts. Her desire was to serve India through her villages. She did not prepossess me by her talk and I thought she would not stay in India many months. But I was wholly mistaken. She had come to know of Miss Mary Barr who had already commenced village work in Khedi, a village a few miles from Betul (C.P.). Miss Chesley found her way to Mary Barr. Mary Barr brought Mary Chesley to Wardha and we were together for a few days. Miss Chesley showed a determination that surprised me. She began work with Mary Barr in Khedi, adopted the Indian costume and changed her name to Tarabehn and toiled at Khedi in a manner that alarmed poor Mary Barr. She would dig, carry baskets full of earth on her head. She simplified her food as much as to put her health in danger. She had her own handsome income from Canada from which she kept only a paltry sum of about Rs. 10 for herself and gave the rest to the A.I.V.I.A. or to Indians with whom she came in contact and who seemed to her to give promise of being good village workers and who needed some pecuniary help. I came in closest touch with her. Her charity was boundless, she had great faith in the goodness of human nature. She was forgiving to a fault. She was a devout Christian. She belonged to a Quaker family. But she had no narrowness about her. She did not believe in converting others to her own faith. She was a graduate of the London School of Economics and a good teacher, having conducted together with a companion a school for several years. She realized at once that she must learn Hindi and was regularly studying it. For being able to pick up conversational Hindi she lived for a few months in the Wardha Mahila Ashram and there with two members formed a

plan of going to Badrikedar during summer. I had warned her against the adventure. But it was difficult to turn her from such adventures when once her mind was made up. So only the other day she started with her friends on her perilous pilgrimage. And I got a brief message on the 15th from Kankhal saying, "Tarabehn expired". In her love for India's villages she was not to be excelled by anybody. Her passion for India's Independence was equal to that of the best among us. She was impatient of the inferiority complex wherever she noticed it. She mixed with poor women and children with the greatest freedom. There was nothing of the patron about her. She would take service from none, but would serve anybody with the greatest zeal. She was a self-effacing mute worker whose left hand did not know what the right had done. May her soul rest in peace!

*HARIJAN*, 23-5-1936

## 61. ABBAS TYABJI

IT WAS IN 1915 I first met Shri Abbas Tyabji. Wherever I have gone and there has been a Tyabji, he or she has made it a point to come to me as if I was a member of that great and numerous family. I do not know what the binding tie specially was, except perhaps that the distinguished judge to whom the family owe their fame had befriended me in 1890 when I had come to India from South Africa as an utterly unknown man, possibly an adventurer as some had thought. Not so however thought Badruddin Tyabji and several others I can name.

But I must come back to Abbas Mian of Baroda. As we embrac-

ed each other and I looked into his face, it reminded me of the late Justice Badruddin. That meeting laid the foundation of a life-long friendship. I found in him not merely a friend of Harijans, he was himself one. When at Godhra long ago I had, to the surprise of my audience, invited them to have an anti-untouchability conference in the evening at the untouchable quarters, Abbas Mian was there taking as lively an interest in the Harijans as any staunch Hindu. Yet he was no ordinary Musalman. He had given lavishly to the cause of Islam and was supporting several Islamic institutions. And yet he had never any designs upon Harijans. His Islam had room for all the great religions of the earth. Hence he looked at the anti-untouchability campaign with the fervour of a Hindu. And I know that he retained that fervour to the end of his time on this earth.

The fact is he never took up anything half-heartedly. There were no mental reservations about Abbas Tyabji. At a moment's notice he answered the call of the Punjab. At his age and for one who had never known hardships of life it was no joke to suffer imprisonments. But his faith conquered every obstacle. He put to shame many a young man by his ability to live with an infectious smile the simple life of the Kheda peasant, to share their simple food, travel in all seasons in their rude carts. I have never known him complain about inconveniences which could have been avoided. "His was not to reason why, his was to do and die." He who had once the power as Chief Judge of imposing the death penalty and exacting obedience showed an amazing capacity for submitting unquestioningly to discipline. He was a rare servant of humanity. He was a servant of India because he was a servant of humanity. He believed in God as *Daridranarayan*. He believed that God was to be found in the humblest cottages and among the despised of the earth. Abbas Mian is not dead, though his body rests in the grave. His life is an inspiration for us all.

## 62. CHHOTELAL JAIN

THE INMATES of the Satyagraha Ashram of Sabarmati are today a scattered family, joined together only by their common vow of silent service. No one, perhaps, with the exception of the late Shri Maganlal Gandhi, personified so nearly this self-effacing ideal as Shri Chhotelal Jain whose death, through suicide, has just stunned me. I have not adequate language to describe his insatiable capacity for silent service. He dreaded publicity and loved to live and serve unknown. In fact it may be said of him that his right hand did not know what his left hand was doing. I do not remember his ever visiting his relations or being visited by them. He never even mentioned them to anyone. At the time of writing I do not even know their names or whereabouts.

I have the good luck to have a band of co-workers who are to me as my hands and feet. Without their willing and loyal co-operation I should feel utterly helpless. Prominent among these was Chhotelal. He had a versatile and powerful intelligence which shirked no task however difficult. He was a born linguist. Rajputana being his home, Hindi was his mother tongue, but he knew Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali, Tamil, Sanskrit and English as well. He knew the Urdu script. I have seldom seen anybody with such aptitude for quickly mastering a new language or a new task. He was one of the foundation members of the Sabarmati Ashram. He went through the whole range of Ashram activities with natural ease, and hardly touched anything that he did not adorn. Thus he felt equally at home whether he was engaged in kitchen work, conservancy, spinning or weaving, accounts, or translation work, or correspondence. He had an equal share with the late Maganlal in the writing of *Vanatshastra*.

The riskier a job the more it was welcomed by Chhotelal, and once he took it up, he knew no rest till he had seen it through. He threw himself, with the indefatigable energy which was his charac-

teristic, into any task that he took up, and at the end of it he would still be fresh and ready for the next. The words weariness and fatigue were not in his dictionary. To render service only, never to receive any, was the passion of his life. When the All India Village Industries Association was started at Wardha, it was Chhotelal who first learnt and then introduced the art of *ghani* in Maganwadi. It was he who introduced the wooden handmill for rice-husking. Again, it was he who started bee-culture there. Today I feel disconsolate and crippled by his loss. And I am sure, if we could only know it, the same must be the feeling of the bees whom he had gathered and was looking after with a mother's care. I do not know who else will look after them with the loving care of Chhotelal. For, Chhotelal had literally become apiculture-mad. In the course of his quest he had contracted para-typhoid fever which had a fatal ending. He had been bed-ridden for hardly six or seven days, but the very thought of being a helpless charge upon others evidently ate into him, and on Tuesday night, the 31st of August, leaving everybody asleep, he put an end to his life by throwing himself into the Maganwadi well. The corpse was recovered from the well today, Wednesday, at 4 p.m. And even as I pen these lines at Segaon, at 8 p.m., his body is being cremated at Wardha.

I have not the heart to rebuke Chhotelal for his suicide. He was no coward. He was guilty of no unworthy deed. He could laugh at suffering. I cannot account for this self-immolation except on the supposition that he could no longer brook to be nursed. No doubt that is a sign of subtle pride. But there it was. He was not conscious of it.

His name figured in the Delhi conspiracy case of 1915. He was acquitted. He had told me he did not desire acquittal. A casual reading of some of my writings gave a new turn to his life and outlook. He studied my activities in South Africa, and from a violent revolutionary became a votary of Ahimsa. He shed his cult of violence as completely and naturally as a snake does its out-

worn skin, but he could never completely control the proneness to anger and pride that were deeply ingrained in his nature. Did he expiate with his life for these?

By his death (he was 42) he has left me heavily in his debt. I had entertained high hopes of him, I could not tolerate any imperfection in him and so he had often to bear the brunt of my impatience as, perhaps, only one or two besides him have borne. But he never complained, never even winced. Had I any right to put him through this fire as I used to ? I had hope one day to discharge my debt towards him by offering him as a sacrifice at the altar of Hindu-Muslim Unity, Untouchability and Cow Protection. To my mind these are some of the altars in the great *Yajna* of the Swaraj of my dream. And Chhotelal was in the front rank of the few who, to my knowledge, had the strength and capacity to claim this privilege.

The country needs an army of silent warriors like him. The achievement of Swaraj, which to me is synonymous with Ramaraj, is no joke. Let these few glimpses of Chhotelal's life serve as an inspiration in our striving for India's freedom.

*HARIJAN*, 11-9-1937

## 63. C. F. ANDREWS

### I

IN THE DEATH of C.F. Andrews not only England, not only India, but humanity has lost a true son and servant. And yet his death is a deliverance from pain and a fulfilment of his mission on this

earth. He will live through those thousands who have enriched themselves by personal contact or contact with his writings. In my opinion Charlie Andrews was one of the greatest and best of Englishmen. And because he was a good son of England he became also a son of India. And he did it all for the sake of humanity and for his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. I have not known a better man or a better Christian than C.F. Andrews. India bestowed on him the title of Deenabandhu. He deserved it because he was a true friend of the poor and downtrodden in all climes.

*(Statement to the Press)*

*HARIJAN*, 13-4-1940

## II

NOBODY PROBABLY knew Charlie Andrews as well as I did. Gurudev was Guru—master—to him. When we met in South Africa, we simply met as brothers and remained as such to the end. There was no distance between us. It was not a friendship between an Englishman and an Indian. It was an unbreakable bond between two seekers and servants. But I am not giving my reminiscences of Andrews, sacred as they are. I want Englishmen and Indians, whilst the memory of the death of this servant of England and India is still fresh, to give a thought to the legacy he has left for us both. There is no doubt about his love for England being equal to that of the tallest of Englishmen, nor can there be any doubt of his love for India being equal to that of the tallest of Indians. He said on his bed from which he was never to rise, "Mohan, Swaraj is coming." Both Englishmen and Indians can make it come, if they will. Andrews was no stranger to the present rulers and most Englishmen whose opinion carries weight. He was known to every politically-minded Indian. At the present moment I do not wish to think of English misdeeds. They will be forgotten, but not one of the heroic

deeds of Andrews will be forgotten so long as England and India live. If we really love Andrews' memory, we may not have hate in us for Englishmen, of whom Andrews was among the best and the noblest. It is possible, quite possible, for the best Englishmen and the best Indians to meet together and never to separate till they have evolved a formula acceptable to both. The legacy left by Andrews is worth the effort. That is the thought that rules me whilst I contemplate the benign face of Andrews and what innumerable deeds of love he performed so that India may take her independent place among the nations of the earth.

*HARIJAN*, 13-4-1940

## 64. SIR AKBAR HYDARI

THE LATE Sir Akbar Hydari was a rare combination. He was a great scholar, philosopher and reformer. He was a devout Muslim, but he saw nothing antagonistic to Islam in Hinduism. He was a student of various religions. He was catholic in the choice of his friends. On the return voyage from the second Round Table Conference we found ourselves in the same boat. He was a regular attendant at the evening prayers I used to have on board. He was so interested in the *Gita* verses and the *bhajans* we sang that he had got them all translated for him by Mahadev Desai. He had made me promise that we should tour together in India in the interest of communal unity. But God had willed otherwise. The late Lord Willingdon had a different programme for me. I was plunged into the Civil Disobedience fight. Sir Akbar and I could never carry out the programme. He had come under the influence of Shri Aurobindo



Ghose. He was almost invariably in Pondicherry during the days when the Sage of Pondicherry gave the quarterly *darshan* to his devotees. Sir Akbar's death is a great loss to the country. My respectful condolences to the deceased's family.

*HARIJAN*, 18-1-1942

## 65. SETH JAMNALAL BAJAJ

### I

IN SETH JAMNALAL BAJAJ death has taken a mighty man. Whenever I wrote of wealthy men becoming trustees of their wealth for the common good I always had this merchant prince principally in mind. If his trusteeship did not reach the ideal, the fault was not his. I deliberately restrained him. I did not want him in his enthusiasm to take a single step which in his cool moments he might regret. His simplicity was all his own. Every house he built for himself became a *dharmashala*. His contribution as a Satyagrahi was of the highest order. In political discussions he held his own. His judgements were sound. As an act of renunciation his last was the crown of all. He wanted to take up a constructive activity to which he could devote the rest of his life and in which he could use all his abilities. This was the preservation of the cattle wealth of India personified in the cow. He threw himself into the work with a single-mindedness and zeal I had never seen surpassed. His generosity knew no distinction of race, creed or colour. He wanted to perform a rare thing for a busy man. He wanted to control his thoughts so as to prevent a single intruder from coming in. The

world is poorer for his death. The country has lost one of the bravest of its servants. Janakidevi, the widow, has decided to take up the work to which he had dedicated himself. She has divested herself of all her personal property valued at about two and a half lacs. May God enable her to fulfil the trust she has undertaken.

*HARIJAN*, 15-2-1942

## II

TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO a young man with the bloom of thirty springs upon him came to me and said, "I want to ask something of you."

"Ask, and it shall be given, if it is at all within my power to give," I replied with some surprise.

"Regard me as your son Devadas," the young man said.

"Agreed," I replied. "Only I am giving nothing, you are the giver."

The young man was no other than Jamnalal Bajaj. People know something of what this sacrament meant. But few know the extent of the part played by the self-adopted son. Never before, I can say, was a mortal blessed with a 'son' like him. Of course I have many sons and daughters in the sense that they have done some of my work. But Jamnalalji surrendered himself and his without reservation. There is hardly any activity of mine in which I did not receive his full-hearted co-operation and in which it did not prove to be of the greatest value. He was gifted with a quick intelligence. He was a merchant prince. He placed at my disposal his ample possessions. He became guardian of my time and my health. And he did it all for the public good. The day he died he and Janakidevi were to come to me. But he died almost at the very hour he should have been with me. Never before have I felt so forlorn except when Maganlal was snatched from me fourteen years ago. But I had no

doubt then, as I have none now, that a calamity of that kind is a blessing in disguise. God wants to try me through and through. I live in the faith that He will give me the strength too to pass through the ordeal.

*HARIJAN*, 22-2-1942

## 66. SRINIVASA SASTRI

DEATH HAS REMOVED not only from us but from the world one of India's best sons. That he loved India passionately, everyone who knew him could see. When I saw him last in Madras, he could talk of nothing but India and her culture for which he lived and died. I am sure that he had no thought of himself even when he seemed to be on his death-bed. His Sanskrit learning was as great if not greater than his English. I must not permit myself to say more, save this that though we differed in politics our hearts were one and I could never think that his patriotism was less than that of the tallest patriot. Sastri the man lives though his body is reduced to ashes.

*HARIJAN*, 21-4-1946

## 67. PANDIT MADAN MOHAN MALAVIYA

THERE IS A saying in English, "The King is dead, Long live the King!" Perhaps it can be said with greater aptness though in a

different setting of the great and good Malaviyaji whom death has kindly delivered from physical pain and to whom his body had ceased for some time to give the work he would gladly have taken from it. Can we not say of him "Malaviyaji the adored of *Bharat-varsha* is dead, Long live Malaviyaji?" His unremitting toil from his early youth to ripe old age has made him immortal. His services were many but the Banaras Hindu University, styled in Hindi as Kashi Vishwa Vidyalaya, must for all time be counted as his greatest and best creation. If it is more popularly known as the Banaras Hindu University, the fault was not his, or, if it was his, it was due to his magnanimous nature. He was a servant of his followers. He allowed them to do as they wished. I happen to know personally that<sup>1</sup> this spirit of accommodation was part of his nature, so much so that at times it took the shape of weakness. Only he was a powerful man. And has not his own special favourite *Bhagawata* said that no fault accrues to the powerful? But it is a defect which can easily be remedied now. Every stone of that majestic structure should be a reflection of true Hindu *Dharma* or culture. The institution must not in any shape or form reflect the glory of materialism as of the West that we are familiar with, but it should be a true reflection of the glory that is spiritualism. Is every pupil a representative of pure undefiled religion? If he is not, why not? This University will be judged, as all universities should be, not by the number of pupils studying at it at a given time but by their quality, however few in numbers they may be. I know that this is easier said than done. Nevertheless, it is the foundation of this University. If it is not that, it is nothing. Hence it is the clear duty of the progeny of the deceased as also his followers to give it that shape. It is essentially the function of the University to assign Hindu religion its status in the body of the religions of the world, as it is its function to rid it of its defects and limitations. The devotees of the deceased should regard it as their special duty to shoulder this burden.

Malaviyaji has left an imperishable memorial of himself in the

Kashi Vishwa Vidyalyaya. To put it on a stable foundation, to secure its evolutionary growth, will surely be the most suitable memorial that can be erected by us to the memory of the great patriot. He spared no pains in making a big collection for his pet child. Everyone who reveres his memory can give a helping hand to the labour of continuing the collection.

So far about his outward activity. His internal life was purity exemplified. He was a repository of kindness and gentleness. His knowledge of religious scriptures was very great. He was by heredity a great religious preacher. He had a marvellous memory and his life was as clean as it was simple.

His politics I must leave alone as also his other manifold activities. He, whose life was singled out for selfless service and who had many gifts, would naturally stand for limitless activities. I have ventured to single out what has appealed to me as his most prominent service. And to give a real helping hand in making the institution a living example of true Hinduism will only be done by those who will try to imitate sincerely the purity and simplicity of his life.

*(From the original in Hindustani)*

*HARIJAN*, 8-12-1946

## 68. SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE

THE HYPNOTISM OF THE I.N.A. has cast its spell upon us. Netaji's name is one to conjure with. His patriotism is second to none. (I use the present tense intentionally). His bravery shines through all his actions. He aimed high but failed. But who has not failed?

Ours is to aim high and to aim well. It is not given to every one to command success.

*HARIJAN*, 24-2-1946

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NETAJI WAS LIKE a son to me. I came to know him as a lieutenant full of promise under the late Deshabandhu Das. His last message to the I.N.A. was that whilst on foreign soil they had fought with arms, on their return to India they would have to serve the country as soldiers of non-violence under the guidance and the leadership of the Congress. The message which the I.N.A. has for India is not adoption of the method of appeal to arms for settling disputes—it has been tried and found wanting—but of cultivating non-violence, unity, cohesion and organisation.

Though the I.N.A. failed in their immediate objective, they have a lot to their credit of which they might well be proud. Greatest among these was to gather under one banner men from all religions and ideas of India, and to infuse into them the spirit of solidarity and oneness to the exclusion of all communal or parochial sentiment. It is an example which all should emulate.

*HARIJAN*, 14-4-1946

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